

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 26, 1963 35 CENTS

— HOW TO GET OUT OF

## TROUBLE

BY ANDREW FAIRBAIRN —



© 1991 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COKE" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PROPERTY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.



You'll go better refreshed with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Gives a lift to your spirits, a boost to your energy, a big, bold, unmistakable taste. In short, Coca-Cola is more than an ordinary soft drink.

things go  
better  
with  
Coke





Engine runs smoothly in desert heat! This severe heat test demonstrates the quality that Ford Motor Company builds

into its cooling and air-conditioning systems. Keep the quality in your Ford-built car by getting Quality Car Care.



Ford Motor Company builds quality in—  
**Quality Car Care** keeps it in



Special equipment, like this sensitive stethoscope, helps Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers give special care to Ford-built cars. Add factory-trained mechanics, genuine parts right at hand, and fair prices—that's Quality Car Care!



Now, a check on the road! Customer satisfaction is an important part of Quality Car Care. Next time your car needs care, see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer. He'll make every effort to please you!

**Only at FORD and  
 LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS**



RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

# Contents

JULY 26, 1965 Volume 23, No. 4

Cover photograph by Walter Ivers Jr.

## 12 O.K., Everybody: Beat America!

Not so long ago victory was as American as apple pie, but these days we just get the pie at the eye

## 18 Yoo-hoo to Namu the Whale

The city of Seattle hysterically awaits the arrival of its new pet—a four-ton killer whale

## 24 Ron Runs the World Ragged

In the past two months Australia's Ron Clarke has set four long-distance marks and confounded the theorists

## 26 The Joys of Trouble

Arnold Palmer, famed for his shots from woods and weeds, begins a series on the tricky art of escaping disaster

## 40 High Winds and Muddy Feet

It was a wet week on Block Island as U.S. sailors staged their first initiation. Cowes regatta

## 43 This Native Never Left Home

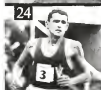
Winner of the Hollywood Gold Cup, California's Native Diver is now a strong challenger in the handicap division

## 50 Jouncy Journey in a New Park

A readerfoot from Manhattan explores the wonders of Utah's rugged Canyonlands playground

## The departments

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 6 Scorecard     | 60 Baseball's Week |
| 40 Boating      | 62 For the Record  |
| 43 Horse Racing | 63 19th Hole       |
| 45 Baseball     |                    |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.50/year. This magazine is published in national and separate editions. Additional copies of separate editions must be ordered for so. Below: New York metropolitan, NYI-NY2, Albany metropolitan, G3-G2, extended editions, G3-G2, extended western, G1-G2.

Credits on page 52

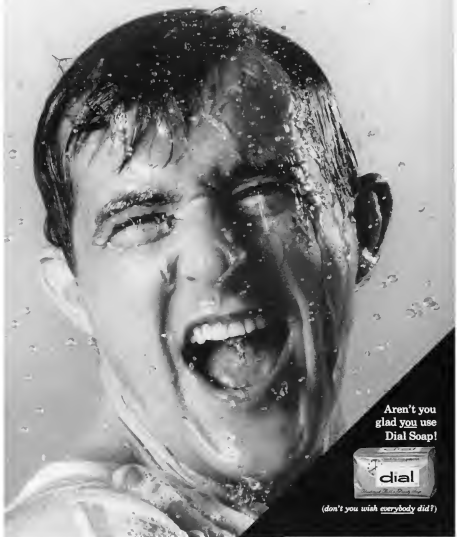
## Next week

**POWERBOATING** is a sport that attracts millions of Americans. In a 21-page package Hugh Waller writes about the world's best and most expensive sport-fishing craft and the family that builds them. Bob Ottum tells the story of Jim Wynter, inventor, bon vivant and harness ocean racer of all; and Jack Olsen reports that he found a rare kind of happiness cruising in the San Juan archipelago with his three kids.

**ARNOLD PALMER** tells how to hot out of water, gives a hint for keeping a salty shot safe and shows a sure escape from sand in the second installment of his trouble-shot series.



Bet on Dial. Nothing else keeps you so fresh and sure for so long. Only Dial. Because Dial has AT-7. And that's what it takes to get rid of bacteria that cause odor. That's Dial. A sure winner.



Aren't you  
glad you use  
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

# SCORECARD

## THIS WAY EVERYONE GETS HURT

Hardly had Dennis Ralston, No. 1 U.S. amateur, been reinstated to the Davis Cup team than Captain George MacCall announced the loss of another member, Cliff Richey, who had been expected to play the No. 2 singles position against the Mexicans two weeks hence. On orders from his father-teacher, George Richey, Cliff quit just as he was about to be fired by MacCall.

The real antagonists in this unpleasant situation are Father Richey and Captain MacCall. MacCall feels that the elder Richey was encroaching on the team captain's responsibilities. The Richeys retort that MacCall made Cliff take an experimental and unproved drug when he injured his thumb in Europe. They were also put out when MacCall objected to young Richey's frequent transatlantic telephone calls to his father. Nor have Cliff's uncourtly court manners helped the situation. In one of his volatile seizures he cursed a Greek opponent who, understanding English perfectly, demanded that MacCall order Cliff to apologize. MacCall did, and this further incensed the 18-year-old.

It would seem that it is the Richeys who must give in. Cliff's talent, nurtured by his father, who is undoubtedly one of the finest teaching professionals in this country, has grown too big just to stay in the family. U.S. tennis needs him this year and beyond. And Cliff will need Davis Cup competition to reach the top as quickly as he desires. He has no right to say, as he does, "I could never play for MacCall." George MacCall is the U.S. captain, and the U.S. is the only team Richey can play for.

## SLAUGHTER ON THE HIGH SEAS

The world's supply of billfish—striped marlin, blue marlin, black marlin and sailfish—as well as various tunas is being subjected to a heavy drain by commercial fishing operations of the Japanese, the Chinese and, perhaps, the Russians, according to the July *Bulletin* of the Sport Fishing Institute. It quotes Dr. James E. Morrow of the University of

Alaska as reporting that the Japanese process more than one million pounds of black marlin each year, converting the fish into sausage. And, he says, Chinese and Japanese commercial landings of striped marlin "run into millions of pounds annually."

The effect of this slaughter has been noted in the once renowned sport fishing waters off New Zealand's Mayor Island, where no big fish were taken on rod and reel in 1964, as against 900 in 1949. In the early 1950s Japanese fishing boats appeared in these waters and took great quantities of black marlin and broadbill swordfish. The *Bulletin* rightly notes that the Japanese require tremendous quantities of fish to feed their people, but it adds that "if the stocks are being depressed as severely as these reports suggest, there is need for quick action at the international level to devise and apply adequate conservation programs." To which we add our own voice.

## GRINKERS IN THE GRINK

As part of Mexico's ambitious border improvement program, the government has built a plush new tourist hotel in Juárez near the Museo de Arte e Historia and the city's elegant horse and dog track. The Camino Real Motor Hotel opened this month, landscaped in a tropical theme with waterfalls, flowers, shrubbery and one special item that is causing talk in every dusty bunkhouse and massage site in the Southwest. Its swimming pool has a wade-in bar.

## IF THE SHOE FITS

Americans nervous about the speed with which Russia is catching up to us in basketball are warned that the U.S.S.R. will have two new giants ready for the 1968 Olympics. An order received by the Converse Rubber Company from a Russian sports commissar requested 42 pairs of sneakers in the normal (for basketball players) range of sizes 11 through 13. But there also were requests for two pairs each of sizes 18 and 19. (Wilt Chamberlain wears a 17 and Bill Russell a 14.)

The Converse people at first refused

the order for the extra-large sizes because they would have to charge extra-high prices for such specially hand-lasted shoes. But a Russian consular official in New York appealed to what he called their "capitalistic instinct" and outlined a rosy picture of future business. Converse finally took the order, charging the Russians only twice the normal sales price of \$5, though the cost to the company was 10 times that.

For the record, the largest shoe Converse ever has made was a size 22 for Primo Carnera, when he was barnstorming as a wrestler.

## DEEP FINANCE

The America's Cup is worth only \$40 but yachtmen have poured at least \$40 million into it. (It has a hole in the bottom.)

Where does the money go? Well, for its 1967 challenge Australia has employed four designers, developed its own testing tank, created a new concept in coffee-grinder winches and drums and even sponsored experimental work on a synthetic textile—for sails—to equal America's Dacron. In Britain, Tony Boyden, who had two 12-meters built for his last attempt, is preparing a challenge for 1970 that may be the most expensive in cup history. While Australia



has everything but sailcloth, England has nothing but Boyden and his bare billions. Though design information is not secret (Australia photographed every inch of our *Constellation* and had a sailmaker-in-residence learning the art from the Marblehead magician, Ted Hood), apparently there is no one in England who can interpret and apply the available knowledge. Boyden must, in fact, create his own creators. He needs

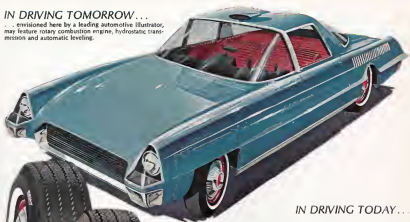
continued



# new dimensions

## IN DRIVING TOMORROW...

...envisioned here by a leading automotive illustrator, may feature rotary combustion engine, hydrostatic transmission and automatic leveling.



## IN DRIVING TODAY... WITH KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES ON YOUR CAR!



More safety! More mileage! More value! You get these and more in tomorrow's tires today—tires designed expressly for today's demanding driving needs. From budget-priced Safe Trac-S to top-of-the-line Citation—Kelly-Springfield gives you the right tire to fit your car, your driving needs and your pocketbook.

**New dimensions in quality**—Backed by 71 years' experience, modern Kelly-Springfield tires feature advanced engineering; space age materials like tough Armorubber tread with Polybutadiene for extra mileage; tension-tempered nylon for extra strength; deep, wide tread designs for extra traction.

**New dimensions in dependability**—Every Kelly-Springfield tire is built to give you new standards in safety, in mileage, in riding comfort—for the assurance of real worry-free driving. When you want smart appearance, rugged strength, top value for your tire dollars—you'll find them all in the quality Kelly-Springfield line.

Pick the best tire for your driving needs: new CITATION NYLON—premium quality priced below most premium tires, new CELEBRITY NYLON—now 33% stronger than the average of original equipment tires, new PRESTIGE NYLON—famous Kelly-Springfield quality at moderate prices. (Economy-priced SAFE TRAC and SAFE TRAC-S not pictured.)

Kelly-Springfield Builds Quality—Quality Builds Kelly-Springfield  
The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Cumberland, Maryland, U.S.A.;  
in Canada: Cooksville, Ontario

new dimensions in driving



on the safer Kelly road

Available also at most Sunoco Stations  
displaying the Kelly-Springfield sign!





Photographed in sunny Puerto Rico—where the world's best rum comes from.

## How to make a Daiquiri Collins at home in 30 seconds flat

*(It's a tall, cool variation of the Daiquiri, America's second most popular cocktail)*

**T**HE Daiquiri Collins tastes like a Daiquiri, cools like a Collins. And it's a cinch to make.

Just combine dry, light Puerto Rican rum with Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and a dash of water or soda. Time: just 30 seconds flat.

For the world's best Daiquiri Collins, always insist on the world's best rum—Puerto Rican rum.

"No other rum is dry enough," say the

experts. "Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for extra dryness, then aged in oak. It's the law in Puerto Rico."

And for the world's fastest Daiquiri Collins, look for Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix in your grocer's freezer.

The Daiquiri Mix saves you the time and bother of slicing and squeezing limes. It is pure tropical lime juice with just the right amount of sugar to complement the extra dryness of Puerto Rican rum.

**FREE:** The Daiquiri Collins is just one way to enjoy Puerto Rican rum. Want a free recipe booklet showing many other ways? Write to Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. 2118, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



*The world's best climate  
makes the world's best rum  
—Puerto Rican rum*

a naval architect to transform the 12-meter rule into a hull shape; a fluid dynamist to design the keel-rudder combination and the sail plan; a structural engineer; and some method of continuous feedback to coordinate all three.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S., data from the Wright Brothers wind tunnel and the ship model testing tank at Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been analyzed by Computer IBM 7094 for more refined designs of the 1967 defender's hull and sails. The MIT computers have a reputation for success. The other day PDP-6 was programmed with rock 'n' roll. It shuddered a moment and then rendered its version of a hit-parade tune.

To beat the Beatles takes only a strong stomach. More sophistication is required to plot a rendezvous with Mars. Between the two lies the deep blue sea. That's where the money goes.

#### DRINK UP YOUR COLOGNE, SONNY

Summer camps used to be just places where kids went for vacation, learned to swim, fish and sail, hiked, sang around campfires and were fed starchy foods so that they would put on weight. Over the past two decades camps have changed radically (the word itself has been given a new meaning by hipsters and the avant-garde). All kinds of special camps have arisen. Some dedicate themselves to theatrical work, some to music, some specialize in fat girls, some are traveling "camps" that go all over the world, some teach foreign languages and some specialize in science. Then there are the charm camps, where girls are taught makeup, speech, poise and hair styling.

This might be considered the living end, except that there is now on the market an "audacious new cologne for boy and girl campers." It is called "Summer Camp" and it is packaged in milk bottles—half pint, pint and quart size. That should be campy enough for almost anyone.

#### RECESSIONAL FOR THE MUSKY

The Canadian icebreaker *C. D. Howe* sailed from Montreal last week on its annual 15,000-mile supply mission to the Arctic, flagship of a score of vessels that will make the voyage this summer. In its cargo was 24,000 pounds of dog meal, gift of the Ontario Humane Society, which is concerned that the Eskimo sled dog is going out of fashion

and that some dogs are starving. "What is happening to the sled dog," an old Arctic hand explained, "is quite similar to what happened to the horse when automobiles and tractors came along."

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, government administrators and those who man the Hudson's Bay Company posts all used to have their own dog teams. Now they have aircraft and snowmobiles. Even many Eskimos, their culture changing as they seek jobs in towns and send their children to school, are abandoning the animal that was essential to their survival in the old days. There are still some 25,000 huskies left in the Canadian Arctic, an impressive number when it is considered that the Eskimo population is less than half that. And so far there are only about 500 snowmobiles. But as the Eskimo moves into town, away from the hunting and fishing grounds, the husky population becomes unannually less.

The husky probably cannot adapt to community life like his human master, who never has had a desire to train him except as a beast of burden. The Arctic-raised husky's nature, whether he is hungry or not, is to seek food constantly, anything from a chunk of whale meat to a seal's skin boot, and he has wonderful cunning, even ferocity, in the fine art of stealing it. He would be a nuisance in a settlement. After all, snowmobiles don't bite.

#### MANT-STORIED MOUNTAIN

Since the earth gave a prehistoric spasm and produced the jagged teeth of the Alps, peaceful little Switzerland seldom has experienced such an upheaval as she had last week in celebration of the centennial of the first conquest of the Matterhorn. The imperious, 14,701-foot mountain was not climbed until July 1865, when Edward Whymper, an English artist, scaled the Northeastern Ridge on his eighth attempt. It was a tragic first. Four of his companions were killed on the way down, and the Matterhorn's enticing slopes have since claimed more than 90 victims. But during its 100 years of reluctant submission, 100,000 persons have reached the peak, as many as 158 in one day. One British sportsman made the climb extemporaneously; for an alpenstock he used his neatly furled umbrella. The first woman to climb the Matterhorn did it in a white print dress, and assisted her 63-year-old father to the summit. That was in 1871. Since then a barmaid, an 11-year-old girl, an octo-

genarian and a cat have made the top. Four Swiss bragged they could push a cow to the peak. They froze. The cow never was found. At one time, before ropes and railings made the ascent less perilous, the Vatican looked askance at the idea of Catholics trying it. Subsequently Pope Pius XI, then a priest, made the climb himself.

The centenary celebration led off last week with banquets, a movie about Whymper, a premier performance of *The Alpine Symphony* and a *raclette* (melted cheese, potatoes and pickles) party. A motley, if unhistorical, mock invasion of Switzerland by Augustus Caesar, Roman legionnaires and Hannibal's elephants never came off. Alpine elephants are hard to come by these days. Highlight of the festivities was a TV spectacular. Home viewers saw, and heard, a live, on-the-spot ascent via five fixed cameras, several portable cameras and walkie-talkies. The TV team, encumbered by 10 tons of equipment, duplicated Whymper's 13-hour climb in only nine hours.

#### THE WANDERING HAMBLETIONIAN

Once again the trotting trade journals are carrying notices inviting tracks to bid for The Hambletonian. The present contract between The Hambletonian Society and the Hayes family of Du Quoin, Ill., where the race has been held for eight years, expires in 1966. The society will meet next September 2, open the bids and decide where the event will be held beginning in 1967.

It is hard to believe that trotting's elders still do not understand how they demean harness racing by putting up for auction its most significant race. (Imagine the Kentucky Derby becoming the New York Derby for a few years, and then the Arizona Derby.) In addition, each successive auction is another slap in the face of the Hayes family, which has done such a superb job of promoting and staging the race. The Hambletonian should stay in Du Quoin.

#### THEY SAID IT

- David H. McConnell, New York millionaire, on why he would bankroll a National Football League franchise in New Orleans: "I could go out and buy 200,000 acres of timberland, but then what would I do? Cheer for the trees?"
- Charlie Smith, Met third baseman, on Yogi Berra as a batting practice pitcher: "With that dinky slider, he's so bad he's the only batting practice pitcher who can get people into slumps."

END



## Some of the fastest cars in the world

A Volkswagen is O.K. for racing down to the delicatessen, but that's about it.

Still, it may be some consolation to know that Volkswagens have a lot in common with cars that race for a living.

Item: Each VW wheel has its own private suspension system, complete with its own private torsion bar.

So when one wheel goes klunk on a bump, the other

wheels do nothing at all. They stick to the road, and so does the car.

Many racing cars use this suspension system. No other passenger car does.

Item: The Volkswagen engine is in the back, over the drive wheels. It gives the car better traction and doesn't waste power. Not all racing cars have engines in the back. Only every winner at Indianapolis this year,



©1994 Volkswagen of America, Inc.

## are still following the Volkswagen.

Item: Just about every racing car has an aluminum engine. Aluminum is very light. Volkswagens have aluminum-magnesium engines that make aluminum alone seem heavy.

Item: The Volkswagen's 4-speed transmission is so smooth, some racing drivers use it "as is" in their cars.

(Attention VW Accounting Department: Now you know why we sold more transmissions than cars last year.)

Of course, most of what we put into the VW isn't just for the sake of speed.

We keep trying to make it easier to drive, cheaper to run, simpler to service and longer lasting.



A Volkswagen may have a top speed of only 72 miles an hour.

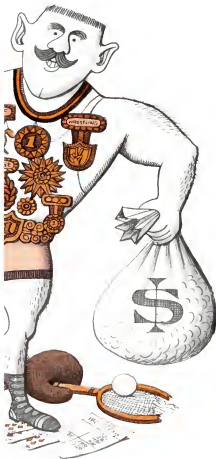
But it's way ahead of cars that are way ahead of it.

# O.K., EVERYBODY: BEAT



# AMERICA!

*By excelling at games that we either invented ourselves or dominated for years, foreigners are walking off with our money and trophies, and as they gleefully stomp Uncle Sam they are openly asking whether we try very hard anymore* **by DAN JENKINS**



**G**ee but it was great not too long ago when you could count on the fact that the good old Yanks from the U.S.A., the Iowa farm boys and the Brooklyn cab drivers, would always turn up where trouble was and—wump, blap—chase off the outlaws, blow the bridge, bayonet the savages, bring the serum, untie Julie from the railroad track and even stop the train. One of the reasons we could do these things was because we ate apple pie, and another was because we listened to Kate Smith, and still another was the fact that we worked hard at sports. You remember that. We used to knock out the tattooed bad guys regularly, drive the fastest cars, slam the hardest serves, shoot the lowest scores and row the swiftest shells, all of it with such cinematic, overbearing, patriotic ease that it was pure pleasure for us to burp in semidulcinea each Wednesday at Rotary lunch.

Well, unfortunately, something dreadful has happened. It is now 1965 and as we look in on our air-conditioned, spit-levelled, charcoal-broiled, dart-boarded, three-car-garaged, two-seat-power-mowed, stereoed, do-the-frugged existence, we find a weird phenomenon. The rest of the world has a new game. It is called Beat America First, and just about everybody is doing it.

You don't believe it? Total up the year. Our Alpine ski racers lost to the Austrians and French, our ice hockey players lost to practically anyone who could lace up skates, our figure skaters lost to the French and Russians, our tennis players lost to the Australians, our golfers lost to Australians and a South African, our wrestlers lost to Iran, Bulgaria, Turkey, etc., our lightweight boxing champion lost to a Panamanian, and our heavyweight boxing champion lost us by changing his name to Muhammad Ali. But that was just what happened when we stood up. Sitting down, our automobile racers lost to a Scot, our oarsmen lost to the West Germans and our bridge players lost to the Italians. Even our horses had trouble. The best trotter in the world is our Speedy Scot, best, that is, until they race him in the Roosevelt International and he gallops instead of trots. And our best 3-year-old Thoroughbreds are Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan, two who owe much of what they have to the foreign stallion that sired them, an Italian dandy named Rabot.

Fortunately, we can still run pretty fast—so long as we don't run the mile against a Frenchman or lots of other things against an Australian—and we can outswim most people, traits that will be handy when the invasion comes. But otherwise we are in real trouble. Not only is our prestige going down faster than the *Titanic*, but we are being coolly insulted as we remove all the sharp objects from our pockets and grope up the aisle toward the emergency exit. Foreign sports figures searching for the reasons for the U.S. decline come up with a lot of things that sound like

*continued*



A. J. Foyt wore helmet No. 1 and drove hard at Indianapolis, but a calm, cool Seel won.

lazy, fat, bored, undisciplined and inept.

Consider the Indianapolis 500 as a classic example, an event so American you expect to see Lady Bird waving the checkered flag. It has picnic baskets, brass bands, beer, caps worn backwards, and a tradition of folk heroes with good old American names like Howdy Wilcox, Wilbur Shaw and Sam Hanks. For 50 years a foreigner could hardly pay his way in, much less win. When Scotland's Jimmy Clark—a fellow from the road-racing set—first showed up two years ago, the men at The Brickyard only made jokes. The men at The Brickyard are men.

Clark's hair was too long, he talked funny and he walked funny. His little, low-slung car had a sissy name, Lotus, it was colored a British racing green—everyone knows green is unlucky at Indy—and his pit crew wore green coveralls. "Lotus," said A. J. Foyt. "Boy, ain't that a name that sounds positively fruity?" Parnelli Jones said, "You get more than one of them things and you call them Lotti." And the mechanics in Gasoline Alley amused themselves by mimicking Clark's heel-and-toe stride and saying, "Hey, I'm one of those sporty car drivers come over to show you burns how."

Even this year, when Clark set a new track record two weeks before Memorial Day, Foyt promptly broke it and said into a loudspeaker, like a man, "Ah just wanted to bring the record back to the Yon-nited States."

But then came the race. As everyone knows, Clark won laughing at an average speed of 150.686 miles an hour—leading for 190 laps—and said, "I was really awfully surprised at how easy it all was."

Clark was not at all impressed with his victory in America's premier race. "Entirely too much mucking about," he said. "It would be ever so much better if we all could show up here, say, a day before the race, then get into our cars and simply go."

"The oldtime European racing atmosphere is so much different. More of a relaxed air about it, really. All this pressure here in America, that is why we often fly home between qualifying and the race, to keep our balance instead of tinkering for a month like the Americans do." He pointed at his fruity Lotus, which did have a Ford engine, and said, "Look at all that . . . stuff on the car [sponsor decals, tigers, spark plugs]. We don't allow that sort of thing in Grand Prix racing."

The end of our domination began in 1961, when Indianapolis oldtimers were still listening to the music of the Offenhauser engine. Australia's Designer-Racer Jack Brabham appeared in a Cooper-Climax with the engine mounted—big joke—in the back of the car. It was too low and too long, it seemed to Americans, but it went 145 miles an hour. It started a design revolution in America—a few years too late. Clark's designer, British Engineer Colin Chapman, brought the new shape to its present state with his

Lotus, low (2 feet 7 inches), long (13 feet) and wide (60 inches), but the Americans still insist on building a beefier car than the British. In the final analysis, the difference at Indianapolis in 1965, since the Americans were also driving fairly similar "Lotti," was the fact that Foyt and Jones were racers-come-lately to the design. The British had gone after the 500 without arousing any attention, except an occasional giggle in Gasoline



Tony Lema's disgruntled expression spoke for the U.S. press who face a foreign onslaught.

Alley, and they achieved their goal with ridiculous ease.

We may bounce back in motor racing, but tennis is something else. The game is as American as Don Budge, but we have evidently resigned ourselves to keep losing as long as the Australians keep playing, and as long as the cups of our healthy, athletic youngsters runneth over with diversions of other kinds. Australia has dominated the sport for 10 years, to the point now that maybe Americans should think about concentrating on squash instead. The other day at Wimbledon there were 11 Australian finalists in the major events, and one American. In the four-man finals of the pro tennis tournament at Newport two weeks ago there were three Aussies and a Spantard. One reason for this is that American tennis is still all but closed to Negro athletes. "Give me Willie Mays, aged 10, and I'll make him the greatest tennis player in the world," says American expert Bill Talbert. Another difficul-



John Barber captained the U.S. bridge team, which the Italians found vulnerable as ever.



ty is that all over the country, and especially in the state of California, which produced most of our brilliant players—Don Budge, Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzalez, Bobby Riggs—there is now murderous competition from all sorts of professional sports that lure away the eager young athlete who might otherwise turn to tennis.

It is remarkably easy to assess America's program for junior tennis, the ranks from which the aces must come. "We have none," says Talbert. "At Wimbledon, Russia won both the boys and girls juniors. We did not even have a player entered—not one."

Meanwhile, the Australians are suffering from no such handicaps. If they are hurting from anything today, it is a superiority complex. Listen to former Australian Davis Cup player Jack Crawford. "Australians start tennis much younger than players in other countries. They are going to mass clinics and getting coaching at the age of 8. And, of course, we have a better climate than the rest of the world."

If that is not the explanation, then it may be that, as Bill Young, an Australian cyclist, confesses modestly, "Australians have a driving force which makes them per capita the greatest sporting nation in the world. If anyone does well, we want to do better. We are the killers of world sport."

Tennis has lost its lure for one group of America's youth, and boxing has lost the interest of another. Gone are the days when a poor boy dreamed of fighting his



Vesper's oarsmen adopted the German system, but couldn't quite beat the Germans with it.

way out of whatever depressed area—as we call them now—he happened to be depressed in, and into the world's most famous garden, the one called Madison Square. Fifteen years ago the U.S. held seven of the eight major world championships, and dominated almost every division except the flyweight. Today we hold four, and can claim that many only because Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands count as ours.

When José Torres soundly thrashed Light Heavy Champion Willie Pastrano in New York not so long ago he insisted that his own Puerto Rican anthem be sung before he entered the ring, possibly because he did not want to be too closely associated with a bunch of losers.

Despite this, American boxing might yet be well off if a surplus of televised matches in the early '50s had not forced the small boxing clubs to close. Says Gilbert Benaim, France's top matchmaker, "Champion fighters don't come from Fifth Avenue; they come from the small towns. They have to develop in small-town fight clubs. In Europe we have grown up in boxing without television. That's what has saved us. American boxers who come to Europe now get beat. We have lost our respect for your fighters. The newspapers are no longer full of wonderful stories about great American fighters. When you read an American boxing story today, it is all about monkey business. America has hurt the whole sport."

In rowing, a sport in which for 36 years we could count on an eight-oared Olympic victory as surely as we could count on a PTA squabble, all the news is about some West Germans. To the recent Henley Regatta we sent the world's best crew, either Harvard or Vesper, and the world's second best crew, either Vesper or Harvard, and we got beat by the world's third best crew, Ratzburg. Which seems to suggest that the world's best crew may be Ratzburg. Not only did the Germans beat Vesper in the finals at Henley, they won again in a challenge race in Germany. More significant, it was the Germans who brought about basic changes in both stroke and equipment, not the Americans, who, as at Indy, may have spent too much time being positive that their good old way had to be the only way. The new style explains, in part, the superiority of Vesper and Harvard in the U.S., for they have



Jimmy Hoega skied faster than most Americans, but slower than the Austrians and French.

both copied the Germans. The Americans promise to regain the top next year if they have to goose-step into their shell singing *Vesper-Harvard über Alles*.

Sadly, no amount of style deviating or singing may ever help some of our more obscure—well-meaning, pleasant, dedicated people all, but obscure—athletes. Like Alpine ski racers, wrestlers and ice hockey players.

The wrestlers have it the worst because the rest of the world stily changed the



Dennis Reardon played his stormy way to Wimbledon semifinals, then sank to an Aussie wave.

*continued*

rules on us, instituting a "touch fall," which means that a man is pinned if his shoulder blades merely touch the canvas. Consequently, many Americans got pinned without realizing it. Nor can we handle the Greco-Roman style, which does not permit holds below the waist and is so unfamiliar to our athletes that they might as well stay home and learn to sell insurance. At the world championships this year we were nothing but well-flopped flops.

After winning the Olympic gold medal in 1960—no one knows how on earth we did—our hockey teams have settled into a niche reserved for nations that throw rocks and handish spears and want to make war on airplanes. The reason, obviously, is that any good hockey player turns professional—who wants to

catch a puck in the teeth for fun?—and at the same time the Czechs, Russians and Swedes move nonchalantly along in their government-subsidized programs. In this year's world championships, we lost to just about everybody.

Alpine skiing at least has a glimmer of hope, but it is a hope that has to keep nourishing itself on the notion that things which are bad can only get better. We are doing things, lots of things, but they don't seem to make much difference. Bob Beattie has become the full-time, paid national coach, and the U.S. Ski Association has rounded up \$450,000 to bankroll a massive effort through the 1968 Winter Olympics. We still have Billy Kidd, Jimmy Heuga and Billy Morrell—good ones, not yet turned 22—and more coming. But last February,

when the Austrians and French came over for the international team races in Vail, Colo., we were third by the width of several well-spaced Alps.

"The Americans are improving," says Austrian star Karl Schranz, "but they have no good mountains or downhill courses. They are good in slalom, which is merely a matter of technique," he says, giving us polite credit, and then he adds, "but the downhill requires experience and courage."

If Americans have grown soft, have lost some of their killer instinct, have become too prosperous, are restricted by rules, have been stultified and have perhaps been sneaked up on in all of these energetic sports, you would think that they could at least sit at a table and win something—like bridge. After all, bridge

## THEIR HUNGRY GOLFERS FEAST ON US

BY MARK MCCORMACK

First, let me put at ease two of my foremost clients, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, and at the same time do what Hollywood calls the patriotic cop-out by stating in perfect truth that America's professional golfers, as a group, are still the strongest in the world. O.K.? Now we can talk.

The thing we can talk about is a trend, a trend away from the American domination of world golf. We had, of course, two vivid examples in recent weeks when South Africa's Gary Player became the first foreigner in 45 years to win the U.S. Open—after a playoff with Australia's Kel Nagle—and Peter Thomson of Australia won the British Open against the strongest field of Americans ever entered in that event. But these are isolated cases, and hardly make a trend. Far more significant and far less noticed are the large inroads that foreigners have made into the U.S. pro tour in the last few years. Let me give you some statistics that may stop you in mid-backswing. Did you know that in 1960 there was not one foreign golfer among the top 25 money winners on the PGA tour? In 1961 there was one. By 1963 there were two. And in 1965, as of this week, there are five. What is more, of this year's top eight money winners, three are foreigners, and two of them, Australia's Bruce

Devlin and Bruce Crampton, will almost certainly surprise you by being there, for they are hardly household names among U.S. golf fans. Gary Player ranks eighth on the list, though he has competed in only nine tournaments. Crampton is sixth, and is the only man who has won three tour events in the U.S. this year. Devlin, who has collected \$55,595, is third, \$1,000 behind Tony Lema and \$14,000 behind Jack Nicklaus. Or did you happen to see that in this year's Masters, on a wide-open course that suits the slambang American style, six foreigners finished 15th or better. If I were the average American pro, I would begin to wonder just what is going on.

There are some more subtle indications of trouble, too. I think it is meaningful that Great Britain, not America, won the World Amateur team trophy at Rome last year, and that a 24-year-old Chinese, not an American, shot the lowest score. The U.S. has not had a finalist in the British Amateur in three years—and we have tried—and our finalists in the last U.S. Amateur were 41 and 45 years old, respectively. True, these are not pro golf problems, but remember that the two players who have kept us on top of the world, Palmer and Nicklaus, were brilliant amateurs before they turned professional.

Our pros could even be heading toward a defeat by Britain in the Ryder Cup Matches this October, which would be a major blow to our prestige, though part of the blame would go to the PGA and its antiquated and absurd selection system that will keep players such as Nicklaus, PGA Champion Bobby Nichols and Doug Sanders off our squad.

Since I also represent Gary Player, Bruce Devlin and Bob Charles, I have been privileged to see what pro golf is like in many other countries, and some conclusions can be drawn. For one thing,



Bruce Crampton, at his best on tough courses, has won more tour events than any U.S. pro.

is as American as Mike Vanderbilt, who invented it. We are bound to be the best. Wrong once more.

The Italians won the world championship again this year, the seventh time in a row. There are several reasons why we have been losing, and the best one may be that we are too democratic. In the past 12 years of world competition we have used 57 different players. They made the U.S. team by qualifying in trials. In the same period the Italians have used only eight players, led by a certified genius, Pietro Forquet. Constant experience with the same partners has given the Italians a big advantage.

John Gerber, the nonplaying captain of this year's U.S. team, points out that "the Italians also benefit from the use of three artificial bidding systems. We gen-

erally use only natural bidding. So while the Italians just have to learn our one system, our players must learn their three. Often we are too lazy to bother studying them."

Forquet himself believes there is more to it, however. "We don't give up until the end," he says. "And the bigger the difficulties and disadvantages, the more our competitive spirit is stimulated. Resistance is one of the best qualities of Italian players."

One splendid authority, an American, could not agree more. He is Bob Lehr, a lawyer and internationally acclaimed bridge player who lives in Naples.

"The Italians play with a tenacity and passion unknown to Anglo-Saxons," says Lehr. "The Americans keep thinking that, after all, bridge is only a game."

The Italians play as if it were a question of life or death, so they concentrate more and they fight. In a tournament where hundreds of hands are played, they naturally have an edge."

Everyone seems to have an edge—in everything. Perhaps the true symptoms behind the erosion of our sporting supremacy are best summed up by old British heavyweight Tommy Farr. He was talking about U.S. boxing promoters, but he may have touched on our whole way of life when he said, "In America, more people are trying to push unsalable goods than anywhere else in the world."

The world apparently has wised up.

Mark McCormack, lawyer-manager for the world's best golfers, offers an insider's look (below) at the most surprising foreign surge.

foreign players work at their games harder than we do. They have to. It takes them longer to reach the peak of their profession, because in order to make a good living they have to become the best in their country. They cannot earn a good living, let alone be financially comfortable, by being the 25th leading money winner, or even the fifth, on their tour. Because it takes longer to succeed, the foreigners turn pro younger—Player and Crampton at 17—so they get an earlier start working at their livelihood. Their attitude, of necessity, is one of hard work.

This is not always true of America's young pros, many of whom have financial backing on the tour. Palmer summed it up well recently when he was quoted as follows: "I don't think it's a good idea for our young players to compete without any real financial incentive, which is what happens when you have a sponsor. These kids don't know what it is like to have to win in order to survive. They know they don't need to win to make a lot of money—more money than they ever dreamed of."

Palmer and Nicklaus have a competitive attitude that is more the exception than the rule among Americans. All along, their main desire has been to win, win, win, regarding the money as a by-product. Money was never the driving force that made them the best. One cannot help but wonder how truly great some of our best-known pros might have



Bruce Devlin has won no titles, but consistency has made him third on the money list.

been if they had only had more of this killer instinct, this win-or-else approach. For a lot of our best-known American pros the challenge seems to be winning enough money to live comfortably. After that, they don't seem to care what happens.

Another thing that helps the foreign golfers is that they benefit from playing on all types of courses, all over the world. In South Africa, for instance, they see persistently long and brutally tight courses with rough that Americans only face once a year—at the U.S. Open. In England they play in wind that Americans look for only at Pebble Beach.

They putt on the grainiest Bermuda greens on earth at the Royal Johannesburg Golf Club, and sometimes even on sand greens in central Australia, and then on the velvet fescue of Scotland. Our players face the same courses year after year, California, Florida, etc. Usually not much rough, a wood and a wedge, and pocket the dollars.

Our golfers would do well to get around more. It always annoys me to hear so many of them stubbornly try to downgrade a tournament such as the British Open. Always it comes from those who have never played in it. But our pros who do, know how demanding an event it is. Nicklaus is 6 for 4. Sanders hasn't come close. Meanwhile, Gary Player has won our Masters, PGA and U.S. Open. Two of Crampton's wins this year—the Crosby and Colonial—were on courses that rank among America's toughest. One can only conclude that foreigners play difficult golf courses better than a lot of U.S. pros do. I know this much. Here on our U.S. tour we have probably 50 players who are capable of winning any given tournament. But put the same 50 in a tournament overseas, and no more than 10 would have a chance, because of the combination of competition and conditions.

It comes down to this: our players may be getting rich, but the foreigners are becoming the better golfers. Right now they are plenty good. Too good for our own good, I'd say.

END

# YOO-HOO TO NAMU THE WHALE

**T**he story started with a touch of low comedy. Here were these two fishermen who accidentally netted a four-ton killer whale in the salmon waters off British Columbia. They did not want it, so they sold it. And then? Then this frantic band of humans began tugging the whale—inside a rattletrap cage—down toward an aquarium in Seattle. So much for synopsis. The entire episode had all the markings of a summer sally-season story. But all that has changed. Last weekend, as the whale named Namu—which means Whirlwind in the Bella Bella Indian tongue—and his driver-captors moved unsteadily through climax after climax, a sort of morality play was being acted out in the vast, chill waters of the Pacific Northwest. It was providing a growing audience with everything imaginable in serio-comic sequence.

On shore, in Seattle, the waiting town was Namu-nuts. The Great Whale Expedition had turned out to be better than baseball—which is never too exciting in Seattle—better, actually, than anything ever. The town's last big animal adventure had been a bust. Bobo the gorilla had been the gigantic darling of Puget Sound until romanticists, at considerable expense and with great fanfare, had imported a mate for him. And Bobo had embarrassed everybody in town by ignoring Filfil, the bride, and sitting in a corner morosely sucking his thumb.

But now the city was once again in a tizzy. The whale's name was already copyrighted. There were Namu balloons, beanies, bubble gum, bumper stickers and banners. A new organization called the Whale Watchers Welcome was making a huge sign that read YOO-HOO NAMU! Namu was nominated for a position on the city council. There was talk of taxing him, incorporating him. But not everybody was enraptured. A Free-Namu movement was smoldering. Meanwhile, 220 miles from Seattle, the whale fleet holed up Sunday inside Cape Lazo for repairs to damage resulting from squalls.

The expedition had got under way on July 9 in the deep, low tide of 4 a.m., when a bobbing flotilla of five tugs and some boats, a float plane and buzzing small craft had assembled in Warrior Cove, a mile and a half south of the canning town of Namu on Canada's wild and remote western coast. A cold rain was spattering from low gray overcast, and ravens screamed overhead, tearing at everyone's overwrought nerves.

There, in a tangle of gill nets draped over an upthrust of seaweed-covered rocks, was the captive whale (58, July 12). There was anxious young (29) Edward Griffin, head of the Seattle Marine Aquarium, who had paid Fishermen William Lechkobst and Robert McGarvey \$8,000 for the creature and whose problem now was to keep him.

*continued*

*As his treaky pen moves along the British Columbia coast, Namu rises to spout a cloud of mist—and to show off his tuxedo front.*



*For a killer whale caught in a cage as flimsy as a cobweb, Namu was playing it cool last week. He seemed content to be the star of the wildest expedition ever—a natural wonder swimming slowly toward Seattle, a city already in a state of dancing hysteria as it awaits the arrival of its new four-ton pet*

by DOLLY CONNELLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB PETERSEN



The nets extended outward from the reef to form a sort of pool—very small at this extreme low tide—for the captive. Inside the barrier, shadowy in the water, Namu the whale throbbed against the bottom, rolled on his side to display a great white swath of underbelly and the flare of a massive fluke or surfaced explosively to spout. He was estimated to be about 22 feet long, six feet deep and 8,000 to 9,000 pounds in weight. From such a closeup view he was a handsome figure, with a black, leathery knifeblade of dorsal fin four feet high and a flat rabbit ear of white at either side of his head. Every four minutes, while the humans worked around him, the whale would expose his glistening hump of head and blunted nose. He expelled stale air in a mist of cold spray and breathed in huge gasps of fresh air with the hissing sound of a truck tire going flat. He watched with cold eyes, wrinkled and poached like the small, wise eyes of an elephant.

Through it all Namu seemed friendly enough, even brightly interested in the details of his arrest. In the two weeks since his capture he had made no serious attempt at escape. It would have been

quite easy. As a breed, killer whales are fiercely intelligent—they are believed to be even more so than porpoises—and extremely strong. They are predators who hunt in well-disciplined packs, often catching seals sunning on ice floes by swiftly rising under the ice and smashing it with their great heads. But Namu, for some reason, seemed content to wait and see what was going to happen. Other whales were keeping in touch with him, nervously hovering outside the cove, sometimes sending scouts almost within touching distance of the trap.

Don Goldsberry of the Tacoma Deep Sea Aquarium, who had joined the Griffin team, was convinced they were trying to figure out a way to free Namu. "The number of whales built up every day," he said. "They were definitely trying to figure out a way to get him out. They charged the four encircling nets, but they wouldn't touch them. They could go through there like bulls plunging through clothesline, but instinct kept them from trying."

Professional Seal Trainer Homer Snow, an associate of Griffin who believes, as Griffin does, that killer whales are the smartest of all subhuman mam-

mals, had spent long days talking to the captive. Snow would ring a bell and toot on a whistle, and the whale would respond with grunts and chirruping noises. And when one of the photographers adjusted his motorized camera the whirring sound of the ratchets brought answers from Namu. Nobody, unfortunately, could tell what they were saying to each other. "I think," said one of the party, "he's in a state somewhere between panic and curiosity."

Everything about the operation that followed seemed inadequate and, in the chill setting, a bit surrealistic. On July 7 Namu's pod of sea friends had disappeared, either because of the increasing human activity around him or the fact that the salmon had left the area. But Vivian Wilson, the Indian skipper of the tow-ship *Chowwa Bay*, believed absolutely in the fidelity of killer whales to one of their kind in trouble.

"They will lift up an injured whale and swim with him," he said. "They didn't desert this blackfish. After so long a time they think maybe he will be here forever, until they find a way to free him. They have gone without food for many days, ever since the fishing dwin-



Now and two calves appeared on July 13, occasionally swimming close and rising to squeak at Namu. "It's his family!" cried reverently.

died offshore. They've just swum up the coast, maybe 25, 30 miles, to feed. They just told him, 'Goodbye for a little while.'"

The boats closed in on July 9 with the 40-by-60-foot pen assembled under Griffin's direction. The pen showed the haste with which it had been built: there were welded lengths of one-and-a-half-inch angle irons and iron rods, and these were held up by 41 empty 50-gallon oil drums salvaged from a nearby dump. Wearing diving gear, Griffin went under the cage again and again to fasten the new enclosure to the temporary system of nets holding the whale.

It was a touchy operation. A length of net was drawn across the makeshift pool, and Namu, sensitive to anything brushing his giant tail, thrashed angrily and moved into his new cage. Behind him a cargo net was drawn across the opening to form a rear gate. The gate netting was not much stronger than the rest of it: a mile of five-sixteenths-inch manila rope tied with 2,640 knots to form 18-inch mesh. Above water the pen looked fragile despite the boom sticks used to stabilize the four sides, and the six-foot steel fence bobbing

above. Another cargo net stretched across the bottom.

"Griffin is a man with a basket of hot diamonds," said one of Griffin's helpers. "A hot whale. Terribly valuable and dangerous. My hair stands on end when I think of putting the towing boat into forward gear. It's the wildest thing. We have got to teach that whale to swim hundreds of miles at four knots an hour inside that pen. What if he won't swim? What if he swims the wrong way? Every time I think of it I flip."

When the little purse seiner *Chamvia Bay* tautened the towrope the whole jerry-built apparatus bounced and swayed. But it held the whale. Namu stayed away from the walls, either seeing them or sensing them with what naturalists insist is a built-in sonar system. And after a tense moment of indecision, mildly thrashing, he moved when the cage moved, keeping up with its ponderous, four-knot forward speed to avoid being washed back against the cargo net.

For 72 hours the caravan churned slowly but uneventfully forward. Then, on July 12, Namu's friends came back. They came back in full strength, perhaps

30 or 40 of them, with the dorsal fins of 30-foot black hump whales rising eight feet out of the water. With the pack trailing the cage, Namu wriggled disconsolately and squeaked to them, his cries sounding as wistful as those of a kitten.

The constant sight of Namu undulating through the water, black glistening forequarters rippling, provoked new emotions in his captors. "If he could only reason," murmured one of them, watching from a stand on one of the flotation drums. "The pen is probably no more than a cobweb to him. He is like a wild, young stallion broken to halter." The men of the expedition were becoming as trapped in their adventure as was the whale. They were so involved that no one acted in character.

Among them was Bob Hardwick, a Seattle disc jockey of flip wit and sophisticated gags. He had sent up his gay little 30-foot yacht-tug, the *Robert E. Lee*, to tow the whale home. It was to be the vehicle for countless radio laughs. But after finding that his boat was too small for the job he stood on deck and wept, the tears streaking his dirty, bearded face. He had become fond of the

*continued*



Namu responded to presence of other whales with squeaks of his own and busiest leaps that displayed his spectacular white undermarkings.

whale, so fond that he had promised his listeners "an umbilical cord of affection" extending from his boat to the floating prison. "Somewhere along the line I fell in love with Namu," Hardwick said.

Seal Trainer Snow was as caught up with Namu as the others but a bit more coldly realistic. "He is an extremely dangerous beast," warned Snow. "If he takes it into his head to come over those nets, he'll come. And God help any peo-

ple or small boats that stand in his way."

Griffin, who had scraped together the \$8,000 purchase price in small donations from friends, was nearing a state of hysteria, going without sleep in his awful, go-for-broke gamble. He seemed like Melville's Captain Ahab, totally obsessed with his whale, no longer capable of any semblance of cordiality. Earlier, thinking about the whale, he had walked unheeding into the wing of the parked float plane, badly gashing his forehead.

Now he wore dark glasses day and night and a grim, forbidding look.

Griffin had no precedent to follow. Never before in the written history of the sea had anyone caged a healthy, uninjured, subadult, four-ton killer whale, perhaps the largest carnivorous animal extant and one of a breed that kills for the sanguinary sake of killing.

Everything Griffin improvised had to be strengthened, adjusted, repaired, set back, rescheduled. Every guess proved to be an underestimate. Welds had snapped loose during the launching of the cage, giving the enclosure the look of something that had been through a hurricane. Bursts of bad weather held up the expedition, but it struggled onward. All the hostility did not come from weather. During a lull off Port Hardy, 350 miles from Seattle, a bystander came up close to Namu and shouted at him. "Why the hell don't you fight back?" And at Alert Bay, another stop-off, a woman screamed at the Griffin party. "Shame on you! Breaking up the whale's family like that!" Through Queen Charlotte Strait, even with a powerful, 72-foot seagoing tug, the *Jeer Foss*, now towing the cage, the convoy's speed dropped to three knots against the pushing sea. Observers flying overhead in small planes reported that Namu at times seemed to drop back wearily until the rear cargo door touched his tail; then he would leap forward again.

Ahead lay a watery barrier, the dread rock-dotted Johnstone Strait, where the tidal flows of the Great Inland Sea form whirling pools, some of them circling at 10 knots, raising shelves of water three feet high and 40 feet across. The swirling water often is thick with logging debris. But the strait flattened for Griffin as if by magic, and the passage would have been entirely uneventful except for the appearance on Tuesday, July 13, of a charming stranger. A cow killer whale, underbelly showing white as she leaped high, suddenly emerged from the pod behind Namu's pen. With her were two young calves. They moved in intimately and Goldsberry shouted, "That's Namu's family! I can't believe it!" He insisted that he recognized their markings and scars as those of the whales who had been around the net in Warrior Cove shortly before Namu was herded into the cage.

Newsman fell upon the story of



At Nhemahka city Nemo's pen is pulled pool pier as it begins 460-mile journey to Seattle.



Namu's family with delight. On his radio program Hardwick reported breathlessly, "It's fantastic, just simply fantastic, beautiful and fantastic. The warmest, friendliest scene I've ever seen. Mama and the two babies are out there, not eight or 10 feet from the boat, cheeping at Namu, having a wonderful time." The supposedly restrained Associated Press actually transmitted "The family that sprays together stays together."

Was the new arrival really Mrs. Namu? The biologists were not sure; they were too exhausted to be sure of anything. But the three whales were certainly there, talking noisily and audibly, and Namu was obviously aroused by their visit, snapping out of his lethargy to carry his dorsal fin a little more proudly.

The appearance of the cow and calves spurred new protests from the five-the-whale groups. Griffin gritted his teeth and answered them as levelly as he could, "It is to Namu's best psychological interest that he have companionship for the entire trip," he said. He added that separation of the little family would bode ill for the calves. "They may be nursing," he said.

But on July 15 Griffin's concern became academic. A bull whale, dubbed Orlan Harry by the crew, suddenly left the pod and swam up among the cow and calves. He made a clear attempt to play finsy with the female. Inside the cage Namu writhed, beating himself against the cargo net and the boom sticks. When his outraged respiration rate rose to a breath every 30 seconds, the crew of the *Robert L. Lee* went into action. They swung the tiny tug around, went after the bull whale and dropped underwater firecrackers overside. The bull fled, but so, alas, did the cow and calves. All went back to the pod, where they maintained a respectful position 1,000 yards aft.

Deprived of the trillations of intimacy, the voyagers on *Saturday* experienced the electric tension of a severe squall. They found cover behind Cape Lazo till things calmed down. Meanwhile, Seattle—instead of calming—was growing crazier by the hour. An excited marine welcome, bigger than Fleet Week, was shaping up.

*continued on page 49*

*In a slow roll Namu reveals his enormous length and the flashing underside of his tail.*



# RON RUNS THE WORLD RAGGED

*In an unprecedented 51-day tour of the U.S. and Europe, Australia's Ron Clarke has set four world records in the course of winning 13 of 17 races. He also has shaken up philosophers of distance running* **by GWILYM S. BROWN**



Ron Clarke insists that he runs for fun—and if he does, he has had a lot of fun this summer, much of it at the expense of the people who update track and field books. An also-ran in Tokyo, where he was a pre-Olympic favorite in both the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, the tall Australian accountant with the Rolls-Royce stride set out in June to correct a few false impressions. Sensational is a pusillanimous word to describe what happened next.

On a 51-day tour of the U.S. and Europe, just completed, Clarke ran 17 races, won 13 (twice he took on France's red-hot Michel Jazy at shorter distances to get competition), obliterated four world records (two of them twice) and established an entirely new school of philosophy about distance running. "Watching Clarke set his record in Oslo," said Billy Mills, who beat Clarke in Tokyo, "makes one understand that there is a revolution going on."

The 28-year-old Clarke launched his uprising in Los Angeles on June 5 when he ran three miles in 13:00.4 and 5,000 meters in 13:25.8. The old 5,000-meter record of 13:35 had belonged for eight years to Russia's Vladimir Kuts (see box at right), before Clarke clipped it a couple of times himself in January and February while warming up for his grand tour. As it turned out, Los Angeles was a form of warmup, too.

On June 16, while most of trackdom's attention was concentrated on France, where Jazy was gloriously assaulting the one- and two-mile distances, Clarke set a new 10,000-meter record of 28:14. Three weeks later in London (there was some business to be conducted for his firm back home, which accounts for the gap between records), Clarke improved his three-mile world record by eight seconds in a performance that Britons hailed as a "feat way out in front of Roger Bannister's first sub-four-minute mile." If that impressed them they should have

*Moving at top speed, Clarke heads toward two more records in a single race in Oslo, Norway*

been in Oslo, Norway, four nights later.

The weather was comfortably cool but the track only moderately fast when Clarke and two others, Jim Hogan of Ireland and Claus Boersen of Denmark, jogged up to the starting line for the 10,000-meter run. Clarke immediately jumped well out in front of the other two, perhaps prompted by his pre-race announcement that he intended to set some world records. Running alone and paced only by the cheers of 21,000 Norwegians, not a word of which he could understand, Clarke sped past the blinking timers stationed at the six-mile mark in 26:47, lowering a 17-day-old record (set by Billy Mills and Gerry Lindgren at the National AAU championships in San Diego) by a thumping 24.6 seconds. At the end of another 376 yards Clarke burst through the 10,000-meter tape in 27:39.4, reducing his own world record for that distance by an even more astonishing 34.6 seconds.

The significance of this series of performances is inescapable: Ron Clarke has discovered a new approach to long-distance running. He trains hard, of course—three workouts a day that cover approximately 22 miles—but the training is meaningless to him if he cannot compete constantly. As a result, Clarke has been able to prove that a runner can train hard and often, race hard and often and keep improving. A distance runner, Clarke believes, does not need to reach a climactic peak and then tail off like a bird with a broken wing. He has proved that where world distance-running records are concerned there is no foreseeable limit. Clarke, in fact, shrugs off the recent performances that have made the rest of the track world goggle-eyed.

"Other people just haven't tried hard enough," he says. "A lot of them can run as fast as I do. I'm no freak. In two years quite a few fellows will be running fast races without causing a sensation."

Clarke, who is swarthy, dark-haired and intense, would love to convince people that for him training and racing are nothing but a delightful hobby.

"I eat and live like ordinary people," Clarke says. "I make no sacrifices. For me, training and competition are recreation. Most people think we runners are more dedicated than we really are."

Seems simple enough. Run 22 miles a day, race twice a week and whistle while you work. Then stand back and watch the records come clattering down. **END**

## THE DRAMATIC REDUCTION IN TIMES FROM NURMI TO CLARKE

*Since the days when the great Finnish Olympian held all four of the world's major records for distance running there has been an extraordinary decrease in times. No runner, not even Zatopek or Kula, has lowered them quite so fast as Ron Clarke*

### 5,000 METERS

14:35.4	Peter Nurmi, Finland	1922
14:28.2	Peter Nurmi	1924
14:17	Lauri Lehtinen, Finland	1932
14:08.8	Taisto Maki, Finland	1935
13:54.2	Gunder Hagg, Sweden	1942
13:57.2	Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia	1954
13:56.6	Vladimir Kula, U.S.S.R.	1954
13:51.6	Chris Chataway, Great Britain	1954
13:51.2	Vladimir Kula	1954
13:50.8	Sándor Iharos, Hungary	1958
13:49.5	Vladimir Kula	1958
13:40.6	Sándor Iharos	1958
13:35.8	Gordon Pinn, Great Britain	1960
13:25	Vladimir Kula	1959*
13:18.0	Ron Clarke, Australia	1/16/65
13:12.6	Ron Clarke	2/1/65
13:25.8	Ron Clarke (Los Angeles)	6/5/65

### 10,000 METERS

30:40.2	Peter Nurmi, Finland	1922
30:35.4	Väinö Riihelä, Finland	1924
30:23.2	Väinö Riihelä	1924
30:08.2	Peter Nurmi	1924
30:05.6	Hannes Salomonson, Finland	1927
29:52.6	Taisto Maki, Finland	1935
29:52.6	Taisto Maki	1935
29:35.4	Willy Hauns, Finland	1944
29:28.2	Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia	1958
29:27.2	Willy Hauns	1948
29:21.2	Emil Zatopek	1948
29:02.6	Emil Zatopek	1950
29:01.4	Emil Zatopek	1952
29:54.2	Emil Zatopek	1954
29:42.8	Sándor Iharos, Hungary	1956
29:30.4	Vladimir Kula, U.S.S.R.	1956
29:18.8	Fyodor Bolshakov, U.S.S.R.	1960
29:18.2	Fyodor Bolshakov	1962
29:15.6	Ron Clarke, Australia	1962
29:14	Ron Clarke	6/15/65
27:39.4	Ron Clarke (Oslo)	7/14/65

### 3 MILES

14:11.2	Peter Nurmi, Finland	1922
13:50.6	Lauri Lehtinen, Finland	1932
13:43.4	Taisto Maki, Finland	1935
13:35.4	Gunder Hagg, Sweden	1942
13:32.2	Frankie Green, Great Britain	1954*
13:32.2	Chris Chataway, Great Britain	1954*
13:21.4	Vladimir Kula, U.S.S.R.	1954
13:22	Vladimir Kula	1954
13:26.4	Vladimir Kula	1954
13:23.2	Chris Chataway	1955
13:14.2	Sándor Iharos, Hungary	1958
13:10.0	Albert Barmes, Australia	1958
13:10	Murray Halbert, New Zealand	1961
13:07.6	Ron Clarke, Australia	1964
13:08.4	Ron Clarke (Los Angeles)	6/5/65
12:52.4	Ron Clarke (London)	2/10/65

### 6 MILES

29:36.4	Peter Nurmi, Finland	1922
29:08.4	Hannes Salomonson, Finland	1927
28:56.6	Taisto Maki, Finland	1935
28:38.6	Willy Hauns, Finland	1944
28:30.8	Willy Hauns	1948
28:19.4	Gordon Pinn, Great Britain	1960
28:04.4	Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia	1952
27:59.2	Emil Zatopek	1954
27:54	Dave Stephens, Australia	1956
27:43.8	Sándor Iharos, Hungary	1956
27:17.8	Ron Clarke, Australia	1962
27:11.6	Billy Mills, U.S.	6/27/65*
27:31.6	Garry Lindgren, U.S.	6/27/65*
26:47	Ron Clarke (Oslo)	7/14/65

\*same race

# THE JOYS OF TROUBLE

BY ARNOLD PALMER

*In all the long, exciting history of tournament golf never has a dominant figure managed to get himself into such spectacular trouble—water (see cover), woods, sand, brush, rocks and rough—as Arnold Palmer. But, more important, no player has been able to get himself out of that trouble as colorfully and successfully as this famed champion. He is the man who brought the word “attack” to the game. For Palmer a golf course has always been a natural enemy—an enemy of his explosive strength and unceasing determination to win. But a noble enemy. As he has often said of his favorite course, Augusta National, “I like that place. It fights you back.” Actually, all courses seem to fight Palmer back, and he has never run from one yet, for deep within him is the conviction that no shot is really impossible. It is Palmer’s thesis that trouble shots are actually fun because of the challenge they present. This applies both to the wild kind shown in the following photographs, ones that he has attempted and now describes, and the less bizarre ones, which he will tell you how to hit in this three-part series.*

“So I’m smiling. You’d smile, too, after a \$25,000 recovery shot, which is what this one at the 1963 Thunderbird was worth, since I went on to win in a playoff.”

© 1968 Arnold Palmer. All rights reserved.

CONTINUED

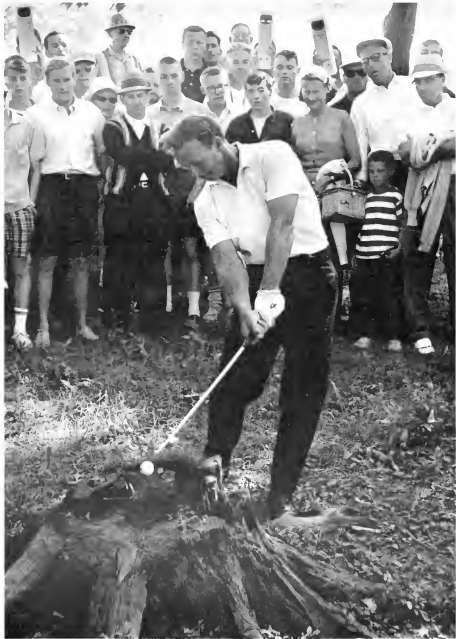




it figures that I would be hitting a left-handed shot in the PGA. No wonder I can't win that tournament. This was way back in 1959 at Minneapolis, an approach with an upside-down six-iron at the 8th. Saved a par, I think."

"Well, here's Palmer the lumberjack blasting through the last tree trunk at Brookline. It happened at the 11th hole during the playoff for the 1963 U.S. Open. The ball was inside the stump, but I got it out—all of three feet out."

CONTINUED









Here I am getting to know a foreign country the hard way. It is the 9th hole at Victoria in 1964 during the Australian Masters and my ball is lodged about 20 feet up a gum tree. The gallery egged me on, a burly policeman gave me a boost and up I went. It took about 15 minutes but once I got up there I just slashed the ball down with a one-iron. Somebody asked what club I used. I said, A tree iron. If I hadn't missed a three-foot putt I would have parred the hole. As it was I still saved a stroke and got away with a bogey.

CONTINUED



#### JOYS OF TROUBLE *continued*

"A new cocktail, somebody said: 'Palmer on the rocks.' This is at Pebble Beach in 1964 after I hit over the 17th. I'm looking for the ball, not a shark. Unluckily, I found it and tried to play back to the golf course."

"It was a long trip. I hit it from beach to rocks to water again. At one point I even had company—a Labrador that was used to water. I should have let the dog play the hole. I wound up making a 9 and missing the cut."





time out breathing. Generally, before you put your drill you can move anything that is movable. Here at the 13th at Monterey this year I should have had a bulldozer. It was heavy work, but worth it when I got a par."

CONTINUED



# IF YOU CAN HIT IT, YOU MIGHT SINK IT

The most rewarding things you do in life are often the ones that look like they cannot be done. "There is no way you can get that report done tonight, Jim." "It is impossible, Bill, to have that presentation ready for the board meeting." Remember the feeling of accomplishment when you work so hard and concentrate so well that you do get the impossible job done? Now consider the sports you participate in. You can never return that overhead smash, never get away with using a spinnaker in this wind, never down that pheasant through those trees. Yet sometimes you manage to do these things, and it does not matter anymore whether you win the set or take the race or shoot another bird. The real pleasure is in pulling off the near impossible.

All of these various dilemmas sound, at first, like trouble, but in one sense they are not trouble at all, they are challenges, and I like to think that facing up to a challenge—even relishing a challenge—is what sport is all about. Consider golf. Nobody can get into trouble faster, stay in it longer and get back into it quicker than a golfer—and I mean every golfer. Certainly I have had my share, as the photographs on the preceding pages show. Yet some of the finest moments I have had in golf have come from shots I have hit out of trouble—the never shots, the no-chance shots. The same can be true for you.

What I would like to do in this series is to present my own philosophy of trouble shots, tell you about some of the more memorable trouble shots I have hit—with results that were both glorious and revolting—and then give you something you almost never get: some precise instruction on how to hit the most common trouble shots. My goal is to get you out of trouble in fewer strokes, in a better frame of mind, and still carrying the same number of clubs with which you started.

The first rule of trouble shots is that you must bear down, you must try harder, and you must concentrate only on the good things that are going to happen to the shot. If it is

true, and I firmly believe it is, that a decently played shot out of trouble is the most rewarding thing that can happen on a golf course, then it is obviously worth the extra effort to hit such a shot. After all, you are in a wonderful position because not much is expected of you; you have little to lose but a lot to gain. And since golf is a matter of confidence—once you are swinging as correctly as possible—my contention is that you should attack trouble shots with a zest for exploring the unknown.

I am sure you can recall your early golfing days when you were first taking up the game and did not feel good enough to hit across that lake or canyon on a certain hole. You always played around it with croquet shots. Then one day you put on your brave suit and went right across. That is the feeling I think a golfer ought to have with every shot, in trouble or not. I have always heard that one of Walter Hagen's great appeals was his theatrical ability to make an easy shot look hard. I do not think you should go that far, but it might not hurt when you are stuck behind a tree to pretend that you are playing before a gallery and are getting ready to do something absolutely spectacular. The more you can make yourself believe you will succeed and the more you want to succeed, the better chance you have. In many cases a positive state of mind is more valuable than a perfect swing.

Years ago, it must have been 1947, I was playing in the Pennsylvania State High School tournament when I found myself with a shot that seemed impossible. I was off in the rough, behind some trees, and I had to reach the green. I had to hit a four-iron between two trees, through a narrow opening, and keep it low. Then the shot had to rise, had to hook and had to hold the green. Well, there is just no club and no swing for *that* shot. But I could see the ball doing all those things in my mind, and when I hit it it did everything it had to. I went on to win the tournament. You can call it magic or call it luck. I call it positive thinking.

I got the same feeling a few years later when I was playing

*continued*

Unjoyful Annie takes a peek at a problem during the 1964 U.S. Open at Congressional and then blasts his mightiest.



in the semifinals of the 1954 U.S. Amateur against Ed Meister. I just knew that I was going to win, but I did not know how. On the 36th hole we were all even, but Meister was on the green, putting for a birdie from 10 feet, and I was 30 yards over the green in a gully. If I did not get down in two from there—and the green sloped away from my shot—it was all over. I don't know what I did with the pitching wedge, except hope and swing, but the ball came out and rolled down about a yard from the cup. We halved the hole. I won the match on the 39th, and went on to win the Amateur title the next day.

This brings up another important element of the trouble shot. Incentive. The more you want to pull off a shot, the more likely you are to do it. My best example of this concerns the 1962 British Open at Troon. The 11th hole at Troon is 485 yards and plays as a par-5. The British journalists think it is one of the toughest holes anywhere in the world, and I agree. They wrote about it daily before the tournament and all during the tournament. Every player, therefore, was brainwashed into believing that Troon's 11th was a museum of horrors. The tee is on a windswept knoll, with rough stretching out about 200 yards in front. All along the left side of the fairway is heather, and if you have never been in heather I can tell you that Leavenworth is better. On the right is a tiny rock wall that runs to the edge of the green. Right behind the wall are train tracks, and engines whistle by regularly. The fairway slopes severely, and to me it looked no wider than Winnie's ankle—my wife's, not Churchill's.

Still, I think you've got to like such a hole simply because it is unusual, a tough son of a gun. Everything the reporters wrote about it just made me more determined to play it as boldly as possible. Each round I had to hit my second shot with a two-iron off a sharply slanting lie—a most difficult situation—but the results added up to the best scores I have ever made on a hard hole: one eagle, two birdies and a par—four under par for the tournament. But if nothing had ever been said about the hole to get me so determined about it, I probably would have played it four over par. I hope you get the moral, for it applies to your game as much as mine. You have an especially troublesome hole on your course? Get tough with it.

Every golfer, I assume, understands that trouble can crop up anywhere on a golf course. It can jump at you from a tee where the markers have been unwittingly placed in unfair positions or on a green that is unknown, wet, dried out or spike-marked. It can occur any place in the fairway where some inconsiderate player has left a divot or made a scooter track. But serious trouble, as far as I am concerned, is out of the fairway—*anywhere* out of the fairway. That is where you scare up the truly bad lies, where you find high grass, water, sand, trees, dirt, rocks, branches, bushes, flowers, fences, thorns, gravel, weeds, cliffs and ferocious animals.

What this adds up to, of course, is that staying in the fairway is the game. The clubs in your bag, except the sand wedge, are not especially designed for trouble shots. Nor are you yourself particularly prepared for them. Ever think about that? The shots you practice are legitimate shots from legitimate places—like in the fairway. It is funny, but no golfer really gets ready for trouble, not even the high-handicap shooter who rarely sees anything else. He works on his chip shots, his approaches, his drives. Then he goes blithely out on the course and slaves all day in the trees and woods. Curious, isn't it?

It would be even more curious for me to suggest that before playing a round every golfer should blast a few deft shots out of the nearest pond. You can, however, try some explosion shots from sand, hit a ball or two out of heavy grass and maybe see if the intentional hooks and fades are working, assuming your game is that advanced. I consider such shots to be part of a normal practice routine, and you should, too.

Another seemingly obvious aspect of preparing for trouble that golfers constantly ignore is learning exactly where trouble is—and where it isn't. I mean, knowing the Rules of Golf and understanding when it would save strokes not to hit a ball.

My guess would be that 30% of all golfers try to hit a shot when they should have taken a penalty instead. For example, I know players who have never learned what an out-of-bounds stake looks like. They angrily climb down a slope into a ravine and, in a blurring windmill of steel shaft and alpaca sweater, whack away with some kind of club, going for a bundle of strokes when all along they were out of bounds. Simple tip: next time you see a white, wooden stake, about two feet high, do not hit the ball if the stake is between you and the golf course. First, when you do you are breaking a rule. Second, it could very well cost you more than the out-of-bounds penalty to get the ball in play again.

Then there is the golfer who thinks that casual water exists only in the Pacific Ocean. This type of player actually penalizes himself by hitting out of casual water even though the Rules permit him a free drop to a dry area, just so it is no nearer the green. Casual water comes from rain or the course watering system, and it is casual when you can see water—the tiniest drop—under or around your ball. There are shots, naturally, that you must hit from soggy lies, but not from a puddle in the fairway. That would be another sport—like yachting.

Another common misinterpretation of the Rules involves the imbedded lie. In a hazard—bunker, creek, etc.—you have to play the shot, even if it is sitting in an elephant's trunk, assuming, of course, that you do not care to take a penalty for an unplayable lie. But through the green, as the phrase goes, you are sometimes allowed a free drop from an imbedded position, though a local ground rule must so stipulate. Thanks to such a rule, I was able to win my first Masters championship in 1958.

The occasion was the 12th hole of the last round at Augusta National, that dandy of a par-3 over the water. Ken Venturi and I were battling it out, and I was holding a one-stroke lead when I misjudged a six-iron and hit over the green into the rough, where my ball was imbedded. There was a lot of confusion about what I was supposed to do, and I wound up playing two balls. The first, from the imbedded lie—it was impossible—I gouged out and finally made a double-bogey 5. Had that score stood, as most of the gallery thought it did for a couple of holes, Venturi would have taken the lead and no doubt been given the psychological lift to eventually win. But I played another ball with a free drop and chipped on for a par 3. I *knew* that was the proper score, because free drops were being allowed from imbedded positions that day, even in the rough. Really pumped up because of the break, I got an eagle 3 on the next hole and won by two strokes. But that is getting out of trouble the easy way. Most of the time, at Augusta or anywhere else, you have to play your way out, using not only the clubs in your bag but a generous supply of imagination, ingenuity, strength and good humor as well.

I have needed a lot of humor and some of my best trouble shots at the Masters, because that is a course that counterattacks, if not during a given round, then the next day, or the next year. For instance, I was back on that 12th hole in the last round of the 1959 tournament, this time leading by two strokes and within a few holes of becoming the first player ever to defend the title successfully. What do I do? I hit a six-iron into the creek fronting the green, and I can assure you it is one of those creeks you do not hit out of. The shot cost me the title. Then there was that great trouble shot I hit on the 18th at Augusta in 1961, the time I came to the last hole with a one-stroke lead over Gary Player. I had hit a too-hurried seven-iron into the right-hand bunker—which was one mistake. But then I blasted out completely across the green, trying to make a par like an idiot instead of a sure bogey and a cinch tie. It was an awful shot. I was so outraged and embarrassed that I never did concentrate on the chip back. I hit it 15 feet past the hole, missed the putt and lost another Masters. So there is a big lesson for you: you can't bring off a delicate trouble shot when you aren't thinking, or even an undelicate one.

That chip on 18 was not nearly as difficult as another I had to make the following year at the 16th hole in the last round. I was plenty mad again because I had gone for a bunch of bogeys and blown the lead. With three holes left, I needed two birdies to tie Dow Finsterwald and Player. On top of that I had hit my tee shot on 16, a par-3, over the green onto the apron. The pin was sitting 30 feet below me, and the green was as slick as the top of Sam Snead's head. Man, that is trouble.

I suppose most players would have used a seven-iron or

maybe even the putter for that chip shot, but I used a pitching wedge because the ball had to begin stopping the instant it hit the fast green. Frankly, I was not thinking about holing it out for a birdie. I wanted a sure par, leaving myself a chance to birdie 17 and 18 for the tie. I chipped the ball about two feet high, just to the edge of the green, and then watched it roll slowly toward the hole. And when it trickled in, I thought, how about that! A well-planned shot that actually came off!

But enough of my trouble-shot brilliance. I don't want you to get the idea that every time I hit the ball out of the weeds it goes into the hole, or that it is going to go in the hole for you. So let me tell you about some shots that I should *not* have attempted, and thus give you an idea about some of the kinds you should not try, since one thing is sure: though you must have that positive approach—that confident feeling, that excitement over the unknown, that joy of trying the impossible—there will be times when it is going to inflate your score like a zeppelin.

I distinctly recall two incidents when my expectations certainly exceeded the physical limits of the shots. First, there was a round during the Tournament of Champions at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. As I recall it, I had just gone about five strokes over par by shooting a 5 and a 7—which always puts you in a happy mood—when I drove into a deep-grass bunker. I must have thought that a double eagle would get back all those shots, because with a mighty sweep I tried to get a four-wood out of the grass and up and over the bunker rim. It was absurd. The eventual result was a 9. My effort did have one positive result. It led my friend George Low to utter one of his classic wisecracks. "That's 5-7-9," said George. "Twenty-one—pay him."

Then there was the superb way that I handled the 17th hole at Pebble Beach in the 1964 Crosby (page 32). What I did was hit a three-wood over the green on this par-3 and into the Pacific Ocean. But, not content to put the ball in a bottle with a message for help and go back to the tee, I insisted on trying to play from the seashore. Taking a penalty, I placed the ball on the rocky beach, with waves crashing all around, and tried to hit a wedge over the cliff and onto the green. I didn't succeed, tried again and this time the ball bounced back into the ocean. I finally wound up with a 9. You must admit, when I go down I go down in flames.

Maybe if I had been leading those tournaments I would have played the holes more sensibly. Maybe. Perhaps. Hopefully. But I guess if I had I would have been going against my basic belief, my real approach to trouble shots and to the whole game. I can state it quite easily for you: If you can see the ball you can probably hit it, and if you can hit it you can move it, and if you can move it you might be able to knock it into the hole. At least it is fun to try. Now turn the page for the first two examples of the trouble shots that I am going to show you how to hit.

CONTINUED

## ONE THE PROS DETEST

Ask any group of big money winners on the pro tour what they consider to be the hardest shot in the game, and I will bet most of them give you the same answer that I do: the 50-to-70-yard approach out of a bunker. Of all the shots that we pros play, this one is the most annoying, because it is the one that involves the most guesswork. To begin with, it is a shot that none of us practice, because we refuse to believe we might ever be faced with it. It almost always occurs on a par-5 hole after you have gone for the green in two, badly missed the shot and hooked or faded it into a bunker that had been placed that distance from the green to provide a hazard for the weekend player. It is a shot where the green is too far away for you to blast out and reach and yet too close for you to hit a full nine-iron. It is an awful in-between shot, calling for considerable subtlety—a half pitch, half chip from an awkward distance. It is a shot that may not have bite on it, and one where the slightest miscalculation or hitting error can result in not only missing the birdie but taking a bogey or more.

I play the shot with a nine-iron. I put the ball in the center of the stance and take a three-quarter backswing and a pretty normal follow-through. You have to hit the ball first and take just the least bit of sand with it, almost as if you are hitting down on the ball—but not by much. The shot requires feel as much as anything, good wrist action and a whole bunch of confidence. The one consolation is that we pros don't face this shot often. But remember, I said these are traps placed to catch the weekend player, not the pro. Goodness gracious. The weekend player? Why, that's you. I don't intend to go out and practice this shot, but maybe you should.

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN



For that nasty in-between shot from a fairway bunker, imagine the ball is actually on a firm surface, since you do not want the club head to get as deep into the sand as you would with an explosion

The swing is something between a pitch shot and a chip, with the backswing shortened and just the least amount of sand coming out with the ball. The pivot is fairly full and so is the follow-through.







When hitting from a surface that is very hard, weight is lightly placed, hips are restricted and swing is just with the arms.



When hitting from a slick, wet surface, the feet are dug well into mud for stability and ball is simply swept into air.

## AND ONE AMATEURS HATE

Most parking lots are out of bounds—all of them on the PGA tour are, at least—and patches of glistening wet turf can usually be declared casual water, but there are times when the golfer finds it necessary to play a ball from hard or unusual surfaces. What is needed is a shot that will pick the ball clean without taking a divot—you get a loose divot out of a parking lot—and still put some spin on the ball. It is, I suspect, the trouble shot that the weekend golfer fears most, yet there is nothing very unusual or spectacular about it. Admittedly, it is a shot that requires great care, one where you either hit the ball first or you put a chip in your club (from the pavement) or a splash of mud on your sweater (from the wet ground). But it is a shot that can be controlled, so don't panic.

For the ball sitting on wet ground, you must be certain that you have a firm stance. Dig in solidly. O.K., so your shoes get dirty. Do you want to make the shot or don't you? If you still feel unsteady, take one more club than normal—a seven-iron instead of an eight-iron, for example—and play the ball more forward than usual. I would rather see you stay with the normal club, but one more for confidence won't hurt. From here on, swing naturally but concentrate especially hard on not dipping the right shoulder, because you must sweep the ball cleanly off the ground. If you hit behind it you will end up with a ground

ball back to the pitcher. By overclubbing you may help compensate for the fact that you are hitting slightly on the upswing.

You have a somewhat different problem hitting from a hard surface. Instead of having your feet firmly anchored, you practically have to be suspended in air to avoid slipping. Have the bottoms of your feet ever been sore? Remember how you pussy-footed around on them? Well, that is how you want to place your weight when trying to hit this shot. The weight is mostly on the front of the feet, as tenderly as possible. The ball is played about in the middle. And here is the key thing—you swing completely with the arms. It is a sort of flicking action at the ball. There is little or no pivot, because you don't dare pivot, you might fall down. If you are worried about distance, you can overclub, but keep in mind that the ball is going to be hit low and will roll a lot. If you are worried about breaking your club, don't be. I will be quite happy to sell you another.

---

## NEXT WEEK

Palmar tells how to splash in shallow water, keep a safe shot safe, hit the shovel shot and stump a tree.

---



## High winds and muddy feet in a foggy, foggy do

**There wasn't much sailboat racing at the first biennial Block Island Race Week, but there were plenty of lobsters, whiskey, beer and fun**

If racing were all that mattered, then the first biennial Block Island Race Week would have to be called a failure.

There were foul tides and driving rain, foul tides and blinding fog, foul tides and gale winds, foul tides and spotty calms that would hardly stir a sail. After a week only two out of seven scheduled races were completed. But then, as many said last week, racing isn't everything in a yacht-racing week.

Art J. Wulischleger is one of the mainstays of the Storm Trysail Club, the band of blue-water sailors from swank yacht clubs all up and down the East Coast who staged this salty premiere off the coast of Rhode Island in hopes of making it another event comparable to England's Royal Cowes Week. "Watching a sailboat race," admitted Art, "is the most boring thing in the world. You're either in the race or forget it. Nobody really watches except maybe to

glance out and say, 'Oh, look at the pretty boats.'" When Mr. Wulischleger uttered these blasphemies, he and Vincent Monte-Sano were standing by the small white shack that served as office for the race week at Pier 76, Champlin's Yacht Station. Below them, in the Great Salt Pond's New Harbor, where most of the competitors and spectator fleet were moored, drying spinnakers—big nylon triangles in rainbows of red and white, blue and white, green and yellow, black, yellow and red—made a fantastic icing on the cake of an estimated \$7 million worth of sailing yachts.

"Larchmont Race Week may get more boats, but many of them are Blue Jays and things like that. This is really a first, a whole new thought in yachting," said Monte-Sano. "And some of our best boats aren't even here because they're on their way to Cowes."

All day as boats labored into port via

feeder races from Rye, Newport and Padanaram, the skycocks stayed open and more than an inch of rain fell. A party given by Rhode Island's Governor and Mrs. Chafee was crammed with people in foul-weather gear as colorful as the spinnakers. A few hardy souls squoshed around in the mud barefooted. Water in the sockets knocked out the lights early on, but everybody was cheerful even though the New Harbor foghorn had been sounding monotonously for 36 continuous hours.

When the setting sun spread a red glow at 8:30, word went around that tomorrow would be a good deal better, and people became even more cheerful as they slopped up the hill to try the island's seven restaurants and or nine assorted hotel dining rooms. (The committee had thoughtfully noted in its program bulletin which spots serve liquor.)

Block Island is an anachronism, a bit of old New England that has changed very little since the early part of this century. Discovered in 1614 by Dutchman Adriaen Block, it has had its share of Indians (the Manisses) and of hardy Massachusetts Bay Colony and Providence settlers whose descendants are still there. It supports a clutch of Victorian white-elfin hotels that flourished in the heyday of neighboring Newport when people brought their horses, carriages and steamer trunks over for "the season." The island has always had a certain air of "aportness" that exaggerates its physical distance from the mainland. In the War of 1812 the islanders even managed to stay neutral. During prohibition it was headquarters for fishermen who put in loaded with what one observer terms "three swordfish and 23 cases of whiskey." Its fine tuna fishing, unusual freshwater ponds, pebbled beaches, steep clay cliffs and isolated "moors" of bayberry, honeysuckle, wild roses and wild sweet peas separated by stone fences have made it an attraction for knowing insiders who want to get away from it all in a really rustic place and for elderly females who must remember it from their youth. These ladies in their print dresses and Bermuda shorts over spindly legs that end in Red Cross walkers are a hallmark of the island, which has never really recovered its big tourist business since the devastating isolation of World War II. But the Storm

Trysail crowd discovered long ago that the island was a natural for "putting in" purposes, though most of them had never been ashore for much more than a token stop along the dock to pick up ice or get rid of garbage.

The 500 native Block Islanders reacted with split opinions to the influx of 1,500 yachtsmen, their retinues and their observers.

"Some of these islanders are funny," said Storm Trysail's entertainment chairman, Joe Wise. "People come to their docks and say, 'Can we tie up here?' And they'll say 'I don't know!' But with most of the others it's a different story."

One enthusiastic islander was the Red Bird Liquor Store's Brannard Day, who said his sales were up half again over normal. "My business is 100%," he said. Trends? "Well, I notice these people drink the better brands of whiskey."

In a big tent on Job's Hill along about 5 o'clock each day they were drinking not whiskey but beer. A trio from Providence bent out some tunes on a sax, a drum and a piano with openwork keys that resembled bad dentistry. Young salts and old appeared to be outdoing one another in sartorial inelegance and variety. They came in fraternity and college and Vigah sweat shirts, in faded madras walking shorts, in heavy cable-stitch sweaters, in straw hats, in sou'westers and tam-o'-shanters. A few persons, like retired executive R. Edwin Disharoon of Annapolis, were natty in blue blazers. Mr. Disharoon has a handsome weather-beaten face resembling that of a movie actor playing a sailor. On his blazer were three gold-encrusted S's. He is one of a handful of North American members of an exclusive Scandinavian yacht club (Kungl. Svenska Segel Sällskapet) and was crewing on the *Oceanus*.

Another well-turned-out sailor was tall Don McNamara, whose yachting cap, white flannels and blue blazer belied Englishman Peter Heaton's sailing-book rules that go as follows:

"Don't wear white flannels and a peaked cap when sailing a dinghy.

"Don't wear white flannels and a peaked cap when sailing an ocean racer.

"Don't wear white flannels and a peaked cap."

McNamara could afford to flout the rules: on his blazer were the five gold circles of an Olympic sailor.

continued

# No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's



BOTTLED IN  
SCOTLAND  
**TEACHER'S**  
HIGHLAND  
CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 40% Alc/Vol (80°) • Imported by J. & C. W. F.

## Which was first to make headlines in England: The London Times or Gordon's?

Alexander Gordon got out his first edition 9 years before the Times. In 1769, to be precise. The delicately flavoured, delectably dry gin that made headlines then, is still big news in England. It's still biggest seller there. And here. In fact, worldwide. Why not indulge yourself in the pleasures of a proper 18th-century English day? Miss the London Times this morning? There's still time for Gordon's tonight.



PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NATURAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 50 PROOF. GORDON'S GIN CO. LTD. LONDON NEW JERSEY



### Don't bend the Grand Canyon.

### Protect it.



The Airequipt Metal Magazine is the only magazine that permanently protects color slides in individual metal frames. Stores them in less space than any other system. It's the world's most popular way to handle slides and safeguard them against wear, tear and fingerprints. Fits the wide variety of Airequipt projectors. And preserves the Grand Canyon.

**AIREQUIPT**  
A Division of The Bausch & Lomb Company

#### BOATING continued

On the Wednesday of the round-the-island sail for the Seorn Trysil Trophy, the fog socked in the island, and the wind rose outside. By noon it was obvious that no one could race, and people began to pour off the docks to rent motor bicycles, motor scooters and regular bikes for tours of Block Island's almost treeless hills. In the cockpit of a small sloop the crew played backgammon, the first of endless games, and the wind made a symphony of the slap of sails and the creak of balyards on aluminum masts.

In the office shack race results were posted, and friends stood around kidding Art Wulfschleger by calling him "Captain Tuna."

"Yes, that's his name," said Montezano, "chicken of the sea."

There was a rumor that some of the disgruntled sailors were going to leave the regatta, but Chairman Everett Morris denied it. "A few people do leave because they can't be away from work all week, but we had more than 170 entries on Sunday. What impresses me most, if you'll notice, is that this is a family affair."

That evening the pent-up, fogbound, windblown sailors and their parties exploded in a bash on Job's Hill under two tents. They lined up for 80c drinks and free lobster and corn and chowder in a 30-knot gale that blew the beer right out of the paper cups, tangled hair and sent hats flying. A rock 'n' roll band from Providence played, but only the very young danced. Everyone else was talking sailing.

The wind, which would die down to a calm on the morrow as the weather continued an erratic pace to the end, blew strong again that night, and soggy sailors and their ladies finally left the Job's Hill tents to pour clamorously into places like Dead Eye Duck's, asking for warming drink and homemade vegetable soup and boiled baby lobster that they could sit down to eat. Nobody bothered to play the juke box because the clink of glasses and the cracking of claws was too loud. A lady came weaving up to the bar, wet vines strung around her neck. "Hey, Charlie," she said, "I think I'm in trouble."

"Not unless that's poison ivy," said Charlie. "No, it's honeysuckle."

As we were saying a while ago, there's a lot more to a good race week than just racing.

END

## This Native never left home

Running only in his home state of California, Native Diver adds to his local popularity and his stature in racing's handicap division

Jerry Lambert, originally of Clyde, Kans., is a pleasant-faced lad of 24 whose current address is Fort Ord, Calif. and whose current classification is Pfc. Lambert is a wrecker operator, for which he receives regular U.S. Army pay of \$99.37 each month. The way things are working out he figures \$99.37 should be enough.

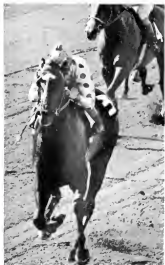
Jerry has good reason to feel this way. He has found that two of the most cooperative guys at Fort Ord are the commanding officer and first sergeant of the 794th Maintenance Company, who okay Jerry's requests for passes so that he can pursue his civilian occupation of jockey. Last week Pfc. Lambert brought his wrecking-operator talent down the coast to Hollywood Park where he turned the 26th mile-and-a-quarter Hollywood Gold Cup into a merry shambles. After just 2:00 1/5 running time aboard Lou K. Shapiro's amazing 6-year-old gelding Native Diver, Lambert won by five lengths and pocketed a jock's fee of \$10,210. In the process of increasing his daily take-home pay by some 3,000%, Jerry also injected the name of Native Diver into the 1985 handicap picture.

In any given racing season the success of the handicap division usually depends on how well the previous year's 3-year-olds develop as weight-toning 4-year-olds. If the newly turned 4s don't hold their old form, the handicap class is apt to take on a sickly look—unless, of course, horses as old as 8 can still drub everything in sight. Those who were expected to stimulate interest in the older division this year, for example, were Quadrangle and Hill Rise, after Northern Dancer went permanently to the sidelines last summer. But Hill Rise, despite having won the Santa Anita Handicap this winter, has yet to return to top form. At least he didn't show it at Hollywood Park, where he ran third to Native Diver last week. Quadrangle, who shipped west to share the spoils of Hollywood

Park's ultrarich purse distribution, could not win a race over the track's ultrafast strip and came home to New York to await this week's mile-and-a-quarter Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. Prospects for the whole division might have seemed gloomy were it not for the brilliant form of a handful of older runners led by Kelso, who looks so good and is running so effortlessly that he isn't retiring after all. He won a stakes at Delaware Park a couple of weeks ago and will be favored in the Brooklyn. Others who will keep the handicap division jumping this summer include Pia Star, Viking Spirit, Chieftain, Malicious, Repeating (winner of last week's Monmouth Handicap), Tensec, Smart, a refreshed and eager-to-run Roman Brother and the great mare Affectionately.

If this were still the winter season, when the top horses congregate either at Hialeah or Santa Anita, the handicap class would present a remarkably attractive series of contests. But in summer the division is spread out from California to Chicago to New Jersey and New York, and the tracks wage a continuous battle to attract the best horses for their rich stakes. Thousands of miles from its chief competitors, Hollywood Park has more than held its own in this struggle and last week some 59,000 fans poured out of the beautiful track of the lakes and flowers fully convinced that in Native Diver they had seen the logical successor to Kelso for national honors. Now in his fifth year of racing, and despite an overall record of 25 wins in 53 starts and earnings of \$536,350, Native Diver has yet to set foot outside his native California. But this year he will race at Arlington Park and then possibly at Aqueduct because, as Owner Shapiro puts it, "our horse has earned the opportunity to see what he can do against the best horses in the Midwest and East."

Certainly Native Diver has come up the hard way. As a yearling on Shapiro's



**OUT FRONT** all the way, Native Diver leads by five lengths at finish of Hollywood Gold Cup.

ranch at Canoga, Calif., he had such an awkward stride and so little coordination that he could hardly walk. He fell down through sheer clumsiness. He had a buck injury, was fractious and headstrong and ultimately was gelded. Since those uncertain days Native Diver, who runs on the lead with blazing speed, has won more stakes on California tracks—22—than any other horse in history. His victories include at least one stakes at each California track, and he has become the most popular horse in the West since Swaps. Carrying top weight of 124 pounds in the Gold Cup, he took the lead from the gate and rattled off sensational fractions (including 1:08 4/5 for six furlongs and the mile in 1:34 1/5) to win easily over Babington, despite a slowed up last quarter of 26 seconds. After having tied the world record of 1:20 for seven furlongs earlier this year, Native Diver has shown he also can go a classic distance. Now the prospect of his meeting up with Kelso, Pia Star, Roman Brother and Quadrangle is exciting indeed. If the commanding officer of Fort Ord's 794th Maintenance Company is as nice a guy as they say he is, he might see to it that Pfc. Jerry Lambert makes corporal by then—and still gets his weekend pass.

END

# OUT OF TOWN NEWSPAPERS



## Out of town again? Alone again? American Express asks, why?

Coming across your hometown paper on a business trip should make you feel good.

It doesn't.

All it does is remind you about home and your wife and what she's doing and how much better you'd feel if she were with you.

Why go it alone?

Next business trip, bring your wife. It's never been easier.

With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge her plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your

American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Sign your name. No red tape, delay or deposit.

And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

**1. Extended plan.** Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

PLAN	12 MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
"Sign & Fly" service	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Other major credit card plans	More than \$9.50

**2. Regular billing.** You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next

American Express statement with no service charge.

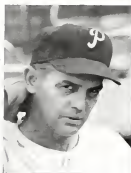
"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western, 49 other airlines.

New lower family fares now available on most major U.S. airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

**AMERICAN EXPRESS**

The Company For People Who Travel



## A 'mean' man named Mauch sounds off

Philadelphia Phillie Manager Gene Mauch stood near second base with his arms folded, trying to think of something. He had just lost his second argument of the evening to the umpires, and the game was long gone to the Cincinnati Reds 8-1. Finally, as he stalked across the foul line on his retreat to the first-base dugout, the thought came.

Mauch wheeled around and made two sweeping gestures, ordering Third-base Coach George Myatt to first base and First-base Coach peanuts Lowrey to third. The coaches were startled at first, wondering what they had done wrong, but then they remembered they were working for Gene Mauch.

Later, in the wooden relic that is the visitors' clubhouse in Cincinnati's Crosley Field, Mauch explained his maneuver. "Everything else was so fouled up out there," Mauch said, "that I thought maybe I had my coaches in the wrong place." Laughter—and reluctantly Mauch allowed his serious, almost petulant expression to be displaced by a smile.

In the Reds' modernized dressing room, gray-haired winning pitcher Joe Nuxhall, who reached the big leagues

*continued*

## Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Now it's up to you!



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 50 & 60 PROOF, IMPORTED BY MARSH & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. © M&R, 1985



## Quaker State your car—to keep it running young.



Don't let your car's engine get old before its time. Keep it youthful with Quaker State Motor Oil. It's made only from 100% pure Pennsylvania—the world's choicest and most costly crude oil. It keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop, saves you money. Always ask for Quaker State by name—it's your best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION  
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

## Slammers!

### Play the new high compression Wilson Staff ball

**I**F you're a genuine distance hitter or a low handicap golfer, the new high compression Wilson Staff will give you all the booming yardage you deserve. Its new cut-resistant cover will give you a sweeter "click," too. Find out for yourself. Test drive a new high compression Staff. Great way to move out in front of your foursome.



Available only through golf professional shops.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

**Wilson**

Wilson Staff Golf Company  
An subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.

#### BASEBALL: rearward

earlier than anybody (at 15, in 1944) and now threatens to leave them later than anybody, was vindictively happy. "I like to win anytime," he said, "but I especially like to beat that little so-and-so Mauch. Did you see him showboating out there? He wasn't even saying anything to the umpires, but he still stood there. And I don't like the things he does say. He'll yell to a pitcher, 'Why don't you pitch like you can?' Who does he think he is?"

"He gets very personal," another player said. "He says things you just shouldn't say. If you get it from another player, you can give it back to him, but a manager stays in the dugout. How can you get back at him?"

For these reasons the Phillies' collapse last fall was happily received in many corners of many National League dressing rooms. While most people who play baseball for Gene Mauch consider him a very big-league manager, most people who play against him consider him bush. He is getting maximum effort from almost all his own players, but in the process he may be inspiring the enemy as well.

Mauch, slumped in the dugout, studying Cincinnati's second-line hitters, disagrees. "It would be an insult to the other managers in the National League to say that their players try harder against one team than against all the others. I'd hate to think mine did. What they don't like about me is that I violate their code. I don't go for the let's-play-nice-so-nobody-gets-hurt-and-everybody-gets-the-pension business. You don't get paid to play this game, you get paid to win. I was coaching first base one day, and I told the runner that if a ground ball was hit to the shortstop I wanted him to put the second baseman out in left field. And the first baseman said, 'Don't forget about the pension.' Yes, he was serious. And he was a real good ballplayer, too.

"I have a catcher—Pat Cozart—who came into the league only a month ago. You know what he says impresses him the most so far? The way guys are so careful not to get hurt."

If the Phillies are more gashouse than most teams in the security-conscious baseball of 1965, the differences are marginal. None of the enemy claims broken bones from Mauch's sticks and stones, but his names do hurt. They find his bench jockeying offensive, and he finds it a weapon.

## Swingers!

### Play the new medium compression Wilson Staff ball

**I**F (be honest, now) your golf swing is about average, the new medium compression Wilson Staff will "feel" best to you, give you every bit of distance that's locked inside your swing. Snack a new Staff and listen to the sweet "click" of its cut-resistant cover. Then watch it go! Great way to get a close-up view of the cup.



Available only through golf professional shops.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

**Wilson**

Wilson Staff Golf Company  
An subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.



"I'm not a mental giant," Mauch said, "but I am smart enough not to get on an opposing player if I think it will make him more effective. However, I find that it makes some of them less effective, and the idea is to win. Yes, I guess I was a pretty good jockey as a player, but who the hell cares what a utility infielder says? I didn't have enough talent as a player to be effective personally-wise."

Anyone who has seen Mauch stomp his foot like Rumpelstiltskin at an umpire's decision would assume he must have been a candidate for a straitjacket as the pennant vaporized last fall, but anyone would have been quite wrong. "He didn't say a thing," Relief Pitcher Ed Roebuck said. "It was like riding a cheap horse. If he's four lengths in front in the stretch, do you whip him?"

A cheap horse? "Yes," Roebuck said. "I don't believe we had any business being that far in front in the first place."

"Lucky, they kept saying," Mauch argued. "We didn't play a bad game for 150 days, and they kept saying we were lucky. I don't think these guys lost faith in themselves until after it was over. Then they must have thought maybe they were lucky to have been in first place to begin with. Sure, it had an effect on them. But that's past now. We played as badly as we could the first part of this season—nine games behind on June 20—but how far out of it are we now? Four. There's a difference between doing something nobody believes you can do and doing it when you know you can."

Radio-television Announcer Richie Ashburn, donning his Bermuda shorts to work—"I've found you can wear out a suit in the press box"—doubts that the Phillies were traumatized by last year's spectacular failure. "I don't think ball-players are like that," he said. "The Braves blew the pennant in '56 and then won two in a row. The Dodgers kicked it away in '62 and came back. Nothing worse ever happened to anybody than to the '51 Dodgers, and they won the next two years."

"I think we're right where we ought to be," said Outfielder Wes Covington. "There were a lot of young players on this team last year, and they're not so young after what happened. I'd rather see us third than first right now, because it's easier to fight for something than to try to keep it."

Gene Mauch and his Phillies ought to know.

END

## Buying Life Insurance?

### Look for guarantees of flexibility

A Mutual Benefit policy offers six settlement options and guarantees the right to combine these in a plan best suited to your needs. And, subject only to proof of insurability, you can switch from a high premium plan to a low one at no loss in equity and at no extra cost.

These are some of the reasons why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

## MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845



Smoke  
**BOND STREET**  
the pipe tobacco  
that stays lit



MOVING?

We'd like to make you feel at home—by having 61 arrive at your new address the same week you do. But we need 5 weeks' notice. The change-of-address form in the back of this issue will help, too.

ASK YOUR SERVICE STATION FOR

**MOTOR MEDIC**

REDUCES FRICTION AND ENGINE WEAR

For business or personal use...

Sale by "Motorcar" has why think about your car in home or office — use it on the highway for personal or emergency messages — use it in the field for finding, fishing, hunting or camping — use it in your backyard for making contact anywhere! Nation's widest mobile pay unit line offers a choice of price range, features or accessories. Easy to install. Easy to operate. Homebound on request!

**YOUR OWN 2-WAY RADIO**



WRITE TODAY for color (after stamp)

**E.F. JOHNSON CO.**  
2224 10th Ave. S.W. • Waco, Texas

There was even a possibility of pickets. A fortnight earlier, while *Namu* was still at *Namu*, a group professing to be concerned with the conservation of wildlife had hired Marine Casualty Detective Jack Hazzard, who heads an organization he calls International Spies, Ltd., to stop the expedition before it actually got started. The detective (his real name, Windsor Lincoln Olson, is considerably less romantic than his pseudonym) thought about it for three days and announced that he had a plan. He would, said Hazzard-Olson, go to *Namu*, skindive by night from a quarter of a mile

nice old ladies did, self-conscious behind their "Free *Namu*" buttons. They were not convinced when one reporter gushed, "Seattle must have *Namu*. The city needs this whale as an object of its affections and interest. He will become our civic image before the world. A million people will come to view *Namu*."

Talk of further free-the-whale rallies was discouraged by waterfront merchants, who threatened to wash the demonstrators down with fire hoses. Then another plan began to take shape. The free-whalers would chug out to meet *Namu* in a small armada, a spokesman said. They would demand that the whale be released as soon as a reasonable scientific observation was completed.

But their cries, although still shrill, were now being drowned out. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service offered guard duty against interlopers. In Washington, D.C. it was dutifully noted that Senator Warren G. Magnuson was scholastically behind his whale-keeping constituents and was busy fixing things with customs to admit *Namu* duty-free, "courtesy of the U.S.," rather than blocking him as a "wild animal—other."

Growing more haggard by the day, Griffin flew to Seattle to set in motion complicated maneuvers to greet *Namu* at Pier 56. It was decided that upon arrival the travel pen would be strengthened and made into a temporary home, covered with plastic and pumped full of clean water from the deeps of Puget Sound. This would have to do until a suitable circular viewing pool could be constructed off the pier's end. The new pool would have to be fed by properly filtered water. Seattle's harbor sea water is too polluted for whale health—or anybody else's, for that matter.

Griffin, short of money and temper, seemingly is going broke with *Namu*; the expense of towing him and feeding him is staggering. Other expenses are climbing, and nobody is quite sure who is financing the expedition. But there are dollar signs in sight. Some money—\$100 a day—has been coming from an anonymous Tacoma businessman, and at least two scientific organizations, the Biology Branch of the Office of Naval Research and the Sharks and Marine Mammals Division of the American Institute of Biological Science, are now ready to come in with transfusions of cash if they are allowed to conduct research in killer-whale behavior patterns

and underwater communications. Once *Namu* is safely in Seattle, Griffin also hopes to recover some of his expenses by hiking admission prices to his aquarium.

The triumphant arrival could come this week—there is no safe predicting. But two fresh scenes—on shore and at sea—presented a study in contrasts: scientific coup vs. unscientific whoop-de-do. Aloof from all the activity, crouched silently and unobtrusively atop the oil drums that float *Namu*'s pen, was Gil Hewlett, a young marine biologist from Vancouver's aquarium. Hour after hour he patiently recorded *Namu*'s respira-



The whale's captor, Edward Griffin of Seattle Aquarium, mends nets in icy northern water.

away, swim under the temporary salmon net, cut open its bottom webbing and free the whale. When his plan leaked to Griffin, Hazzard abandoned it but summoned the Free-*Namu* people to stand by for future action.

Other happenings were just as kooky. There was talk of not letting the whale through customs (a Seattle officer said it might be classified as a "wild animal—other" and thus be subject to substantial duties). And Lloyd's of London, which can seldom resist an act of this sort, issued a \$20,000 high-risk policy to cover loss of *Namu* by vandalism or natural death. Lloyd's declined to insure against escape.

The Free-*Namu* people called a rally of conservationists on the waterfront. Hazzard did not show up, but eight



Whale's fans sport new *Namu* sweat shirts on Seattle streets as they prepare big welcome.

tion, the number of salmon he was eating, and made attempts to tape *Namu*'s conversation against a cacophony of background noises.

Another sort of recording was taking place in Seattle. Suddenly there was a new rock 'n' roll group, the Dorsals, out with a wild, swinging, Watrous record. On one side: *The Killer Whale*. On the flip side: *Namu*. And the town teens were wearing a new *Namu* sweat shirt and dancing a new dance, the *Namu*. It looks pretty much like the monkey, except that an arm is held up like a dorsal fin and the dancer periodically tosses his (or her) head back and pretends to spout.

The star of the morality play was the only quiet member of the ever-enlarging cast. Would he answer when all Seattle belted: "Yoo-hoo, *Namu*!"

END



# **This summer send your martini on a long vacation.**

## **you'll never miss it.**

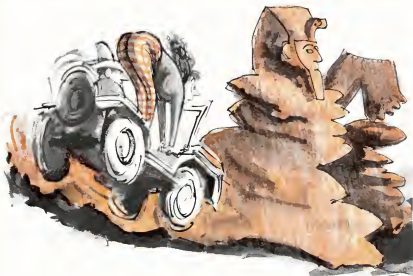
The Gimlet will keep you company.  
Beautifully.

Because the Gimlet is the most beautiful thing that ever happened to gin or vodka. It's a tropical cocktail made only with juice of limes grown by Rose's in the sultry West Indies.

The Gimlet is tart and uncluttered and robust and superbly cool. So take four or five parts of gin or vodka, add one part Rose's, ice, stir, serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

If your martini doesn't send a postcard, you'll never know it's away.





# JOUNCY JOURNEY IN A NEW PARKLAND

*To gaze upon such wonders as The Schoolmarm's Bloomers and The Sixshooter Peaks, an intrepid tenderfoot jeeped, flew and floated through the red rock and purple sage of Utah's Canyonlands*

BY ALICE HIGGINS

The advertisement ran, "Explore our newest national park by jeep, plane and boat—six-day trip, everything provided." Since I have an enormous capacity for physical exercise as long as it is taken vicariously, this seemed to fit my needs; something or someone doing all the work. The park in question was Canyonlands outside Moab, Utah, officially opened last September, and the advertiser was Mitch Williams, who runs Tag-A-Long Tours, one of two groups licensed to guide in the area.

I arrived in Moab several days before the start of the very first package tour of four travelers in two jeeps, with all the malaise of the confirmed city dweller venturing forth to confront nature. Mitch and Chief Guide Joe Lemon, who met my plane, spotted the true tenderfoot the moment I stepped onto Utah soil, and hastened to reassure me. "This is the Taj Mahal of the Canyonlands," said Mitch, "the most beautiful country you'll ever see. Just bring your clothes and toothbrush; we supply everything else."

As I followed Joe around Moab, watching his preparations for our safari, I was extremely heartened. There were brand-new tents and air mattresses, sleeping bags with clean sheets, specially designed duffel bags and a grub box—even portable toilets and a shower. (As it turned out, the last two con-



veniences never left their packages.) The meat for the trip had been packed in a portable icebox and then left, box and all, for two days in a butcher's freezer at 30° below, eliminating the need for ice. The utility jeep, a dowdy '57 model known as the Old Green Lizard, was loaded with the entire wherewithal for the tour, Joe Lemon accomplishing this somewhat Herculean task much more easily than my father used to pack the family car for a picnic in the park—an occasion, I recall, always fraught with drama and grim emotion. Our other jeep, driven by Mitch, was a white Wagoneer with air conditioning. This was the first-class section, where the passengers and their duffel bags rode in comfort.

Next day I met the other travelers, Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Rohn of Salt Lake City and Neal T. Amarino of Denver, all experienced campers, as I learned when Peg Rohn turned up wearing a straw hat with "Bryce Canyon" lettered across it and culottes she had had made for a camel tour of Egypt. As we stood in a cluster by the jeeps on a windy but delightfully warm day, Mitch announced, "Now, we don't assign permanent seats. We'll change around during the trip. Who wants to start with Joe in the Old Green Lizard?" Well aware that all the necessities of life were with Joe and forgetting the air conditioning, I happily volunteered.

Shortly after we left Moab, Joe pointed out a large potash plant on the banks of the Colorado River. I would pass it, he said, when I was on the boating section of the trip. And I'll be sorry, I decided, because that will mean the trip is almost over. A dim-witted optimism in the face of impending disaster has always been my most redeeming quality.

The dust of the Wagoneer led the OGL over unpaved roads no rougher than the average Manhattan street, and red bells provided vibrant accents along the way. We were not yet in the park but on land still in the public domain and, except for an occasional stake or pile of rocks that marked a uranium miner's claim, there was not a sign of life. Indian handprints painted on a red canyon wall were the vestiges of other centuries. Far ahead we could see Dead Horse Point, a scenic overlook of the vast and rust-colored land we had now entered, and I thought, somewhat smugly, how nice it was to be in the scenery instead of just a distant observer. We passed a crumbling red-rock wall, built years ago by Joe's father-in-law for his cattle. The father-in-law had one steer, Joe said, who once wandered off for about a week and came back leading 16 calves.

As we bounced through a dry wash at the limit of his father-in-law's triumphs, Joe announced that from now on

*continued*

it would start getting rough. It soon did. The lead jeep suddenly came to a stop in front of a large jumbled pile of boulders choking the trail and I, for one, thought our trip had come to a permanent halt. We all de-jeped to inspect the impasse. Neal and Peg busily photographing. Then the Wagoneer's engine snarled, and Mitch jockeyed it up the rocks, lurching, crunching against an unyielding boulder and finally shuddering to a halt at the top. The Old Green Lizard followed, crawling over the rocks like its namesake. I didn't believe it could be done, but soon enough we were navigating even worse obstacles, with the four tourists remaining inside the jeeps and scared witless.

We lunched standing out of the wind in a dry wash, eating sandwiches, peppers, pickles and onions spread out on the tail gate of the OGL. A fire was built and coffee made—cowboy-style boiled coffee so full of grounds that I dumped most of mine in the red sand. (A day or so later I was drinking and spitting grounds with the others.) Peg fixed a sandwich and was halfway through—we were all starved—before she realized she had been eating the label as well as the lunch meat and that it was liverwurst, which she didn't like. She also discovered that she had lost her camera case and most of her film at one of our morning halts. Despite her broad hints we did not turn back, and the missing equipment was periodically mourned for the rest of the week.

Bouncing over the trail again, I was, for the first time in years, grateful for my overweight padding. The OGL nosed into washes and buckjumped up the other side like a horse scrambling on a steep hill. Often nothing was visible but the hood of the jeep as we seemed to crawl vertically up a bank, at other moments the OGL canted over on its side like a small boat heeling in a strong wind. It was obvious that if family cars tried this entry to the park the trail would soon be littered with the bleached remains of broken axles and punctured oil pans. Both our jeeps had steel plates over their vital organs as well as special winches on the front bumpers to haul themselves by their bootstraps, so to speak, over boulders and out of holes.

Through all the wrenching and jolting of the ride the pervasive power of the land was insistent. Before we started Mitch had explained that this was all red-rock country, but that, I was finding out, was about as descriptive as saying the ocean is made of water. There was the surprise, across the multihued canyons, of the snowcapped peaks of the La Sal range in the distance. There were the ever-changing shapes of the rocks, some looking like eroded Malliol ladies on tiptoe, others like wind-rubbed kings of the Nile. Watching the scene was a variation of that lazy childhood game of finding forms in summer clouds. Others, of course, had been aware of this long before me; Joe pointed out some of his favorites—an Egyptian pyramid and a ring-necked pheasant. Later, however, when the North and South Sashooter Peaks came into view, neither of us could see the resemblance. "They're old cowboy names," he said. "I guess they'll be changed one of these days. Like the formation the park service now calls Delicate Arch used to

be The Schoolmarm's Bloomers, and the rocks they call The Doll's House were once The Pregnant Park."

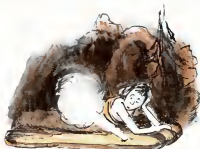
From a vast and austere area where nothing seemed to grow, we now entered a land of bulbous, rusty rocks and sage. Near the top of a steep hill Joe stopped the OGL, got out and motioned me to follow. He jumped ahead over the huge, smooth rocks while I cautiously crawled after him. We rounded a scarp, and there, above my head, was a Moki Indian ruin, its slightly curved facade nestled snugly beneath an overhanging ledge. Far below was a soft green valley with Indian Creek a silver ribbon winding through it, and beyond was the distant panorama of red rocks and green hills. We could see Mitch's jeep carefully fording the creek, looking alien in the ironic scene. We visited many Moki remains in the next few days, but none ever matched, for me, the unexpected delight of this one. I envied the Indians who had lived there.

The wind had been rising all day and was now a definite nuisance, but we pushed on, climbing through piñon and juniper over visibly faint but extremely tactile trails to a dead end above Lavender Canyon. Joe and Mitch held a quick conference and decided, because of the wind, to abandon the planned campsite on the edge of the canyon in favor of something more sheltered. They found a spot in the piñons and cedars and started unloading gear. After he had the fire under way, Mitch called to Joe, "Where are the tents?"

"Oh," said Peg. "We don't need tents! It's more fun sleeping out under the glorious stars!" Joe and Mitch gave in without a word, and I didn't have the courage to demand a tent for myself. We picked out sleeping sites, being warned not to get under the trees or we'd have needles in the face all night. All on my very own I chose a nice, flat, smooth area. I learned later that night that it was smooth because a jet stream of wind kept it that way.

Dinner—potatoes and onions from the Dutch oven, grilled T-bone steaks and peas, all liberally seasoned with ashes, thanks to the wind—was good and very welcome. There was no tendency to linger around the fire engaging in jolly camping activities; we were all exhausted and scurried for our sleeping bags. As I rather dubiously undressed I kept chanting reassuring lines to myself from Mitch's brochures—"We will sleep under the stars and marvel at the beauty above. . . . You will sleep better in comfortable sleeping bags with air mattresses and clean sheets than you do at home." I squirmed into my comfortable sleeping bag on its brand-new air mattress and gave a sigh. So did the air mattress. I was gently but definitely deposited on very firm terra firma.

When I came out of a bad dream in the morning I found that I must have been in mortal combat all night with the sleeping bag. I was off the ground cover athwart the dead mattress, and the long flap that the instructions say is supposed to be held over one's face by two forked sticks was briskly slapping mine. My pre-coffee mood was not improved when I squeezed suntan lotion instead of tooth paste



*A long way from home and her unsprung mattress, our heroine discovers the pleasures of a bed of air—after the air has escaped.*

onto my brush. But a hefty breakfast cheered the inner woman, and I started off with Mitch and the Rohms in the Wagoner feeling quite sanguine. We climbed steadily, sometimes leaving the trail to make new ones of our own, usually ending at unexpected and breathtaking views—private, and without benefit of guardrails, souvenir stands and litter. With Peg making *sotto voce* asides about how her girdle was rubbing, we climbed up to Elk Ridge, with snow patching the ground above and below the boggy road. Then, suddenly, we slipped down from 8,000 feet into a sagebrush basin. There, in a snug bowl with magenta cliffs as a backdrop, we lunched. While Joe made the fire and coffee we scrambled over rocks and up to the Moki runs that studded the cliff walls. Others had been there before us, digging under the foundations for artifacts, and the masonry wall, with its builders' fingerprints intaglioed in the mud between the stones, was not far from collapse.

Out in the wind again after lunch, with tumbleweed skittering and scarlet Indian paintbrush or waxy sego lilies adorning the trail, we aimed for The Needles Country in the park. We swayed down a rock-strewn hairpin trail just wide enough for the Wagoner into Beef Basin. I missed the variety of sounds that came from under the hood of the Old Green Lizard—snarls, whines, growls, groans and clanks. The OGL chattered away at every obstacle; it had the personality of a mule that knows it can do the job but doesn't much want to.

Mitch decided we would drop in on the McKinneys—Alice and Mac, who were mapping the Moki ruins for the government—and soon we pulled up at a trailer and shed with no electricity or indoor plumbing but with the running water of a nearby spring. After coffee the McKinneys led us on a Moki expedition. At times we had to study the cliffs with binoculars, so well were the buildings camouflaged. Other ruins were unprotected in the basin, crumbling amid the sage and with the wind blowing the red sand

off shreds of black-and-white pottery. Mitch and the McKinneys held a conference as we braced against a near gale and, taking pity on our pinched and disconsolate faces, agreed that we should spend the night indoors at the trailer. So we were a cheerful crew the rest of the afternoon as we jeoped over the rugged trails.

Back at the McKinneys, where the room seemed to rock gently after the jeep motion, we were assigned sleeping quarters. Peg and Carl got the trailer bedroom, and Peg informed me that at home she and Carl had separate rooms because he was such a virtuoso snorer. Exhausted but ravenous again, we had dinner in the living room while the wind gusted, and if anyone snored that night I suspect it was me.

Came the dawn and the smell of coffee, and I parted reluctantly from my warm bunk bed. The others were already out, splashing around in the horse trough, but I decided I wasn't about to part with my nice warm dirt and slathered on the cologne with a liberal hand.

I rejoined Joe in the Old Green Lizard, and once again we headed for the park, but the route was blocked by a monstrous pile called Bobby's Hell Hock Hill, where the trail looked like something only a suicidal mountain goat would attempt. As I resisted the impulse to faint peacefully away, we lurched forward, hood straight up. Joe braced and leaning out of the window like Casey Jones at the throttle, wrenching the jeep round the turns with his tattooed arm. Somehow we reached the top, and I gave a premature sigh of relief; what goes up must come down, and that was even worse. When we made the bottom after a last heart-leaping slew, I examined my teeth. I had a better dentist than I had thought.

Soon we were actually in the park, and ahead like a threatening horde of red giants loomed the huge stone formations of The Needles. This is a fantastically jumbled and sculptured land. Mitch led the way, with occasional stops to literally scrape his way through the boulders at each side of the trail. Joe would hold the OGL almost vertical, his right foot twisted across both brake and gas. We nosed over the top of one hill and into a great, green basin encircled by majestic, multicolored formations. It was a natural, colossal Stonehenge. Below and on all sides were the cumbersome shapes of Elephant Canyon in all hues of red and beige. We drove around the park, observing constant changes in the rocks, and de-jeoped to hike to always spectacular panoramas opening from rifts in the massive walls. Finally Mitch led us across the basin to descend. As he eased over the top the underside of his Wagoner was exposed as clearly as if it were on a grease rack. We jolted after him, bouncing like popping kernels of corn and the lashed equipment in the rear pushing firmly against the back of the seat.

Our evening camping spot was a relatively sheltered area in the lee of a cliff in a narrow box canyon. After the pot roast was in the Dutch oven, Joe and Mitch pitched tents that showed every indication of becoming airborne until the tent stakes were anchored with large rocks. "Break out

*continued*



## HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

**We doubt there are any fine  
restaurants without it.**

Don't count the cars parked outside. There's a better way to pick a restaurant. Count the Heineken bottles on the tables inside. Hope you'll spot lots of them. Because great food makes you feel like a Heineken. And Heineken makes you feel the food's great. You see, we brew Heineken in a very extravagant manner. We actually age it for over three months. That makes for smooth natural carbonation and tiny little bubbles. So, your steak does the filling. Not Heineken. See why places that glory in their food would never be without Holland's Proud Brew? Never, Never, Never.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

## JOUNCY JOURNEY continued

your Scotch, Alice," said Mitch. "Let's have a housewarming." I did, and we huddled under the rock wall before the fire, changing positions like sparrows on a phone wire as we tried to keep warm while dodging the smoke that the wind capriciously shifted.

Again after dinner there was none of the lingering-around-the-fire that I dimly remembered from distant Girl Scout days. We all retired to our tents—Peg and I to one, the men sharing two others. As we undressed Peg said she hoped that Carl's snoring would not keep Neal awake, and that, of course, it would be a miracle if she slept, because she never could; that was her great problem. Over the flapping of the tent I heard creaks and groans from her corner and saw that her corselet was hung on the ridgepole with care. She grouched that the zipper was on the wrong side of the sleeping bag and that when she tried to get in her nightgown scrunched up as she slid down. With minimum faith we wished each other a good night's sleep, but to my later surprise I popped off instantly. I awoke at one point with the tent slapping me rhythmically on the top of the head, a Utah form of the Chinese water torture. As I sat up I dimly perceived a white form swaying above my head, like one of those ghosties or ghoulies that go bump in the night. After a brief fright I correctly identified it as Peg's corselet. From the other side of the tent came the sound of a miracle. Zoink, whee, goink, gobble, snort. Peg had gone to sleep after all.

The next day's journeying was distinguished by the most hair-raising obstacle course of the trip and its most magnificent spectacle. I had been warned back in Moab that Elephant Hill was a thriller, and as we inched and backed and slid over its loose rocks I regretted that I had not bought and filled out one of the Last Will and Testament forms that were on sale at the checkout counter in the supermarket where we provisioned. When we were safely through this ordeal-by-jeep I had to use my left hand to unclench my right from the door handle, and Joe said quietly, "I know how you feel. I was scared myself the first time I drove this one."

A few miles farther on we pulled into a cottonwood-shaded canyon, drove to its end and then started walking. Suddenly, there against the clear blue sky, delicately soaring, was Angel Arch, a breathtaking form buttressed by a demure winged figure, together yielding a sense of peaceful grandeur. Carl speculated, as he did on every similar occasion, about how many years it would take before the arching span collapsed. The exercise must have given him some odd inner satisfaction.

After a lunch we started into Horse Canyon. As we stood shivering in the wind, eyeing a strange formation in the canyon wall known as Paul Bunyan's Potty, Mitch called a conference. The sky had filled with surging black clouds and we were about three hours from Moab. He wondered if we would prefer to sleep in town. Would we? With a sense of reprieve we started back out of the canyon. A pale lemon sun, dashing in and out of the clouds, faintly penetrated the red haze. With our bedrolls thumping up and down on the roof of the OGL, we jolted along in a gale until we hit a smooth dirt road. Joe stopped, grabbed a beer can opener and got out to disconnect the front wheels from four-wheel drive. I realized then that the jeeping phase of our trip was over.

The next morning at the airport we



*A five-hour drive from Salt Lake, the park comprises more than 250,000 acres at the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers.*



learned that the winds had registered 75 miles per hour. Any lingering qualms I may have felt at plumping for town over tent quickly evaporated. We joined Pilot George Hubler in the Cessna Sky Wagon to be flown, with sightseeing asides, to our rendezvous with the boat on the Green River. Dipping over the lips of canyons, George thoughtfully tilted the plane to offer rarely viewed arches—Wishbone, Table and, of course, the incomparable Angel. At times our wheels seemed to brush the top of the sage as we skimmed over a butte on our descent into a canyon, the better to see the unique rocks or weird jumble of the land. Suddenly we dropped over the rim of a canyon, made a turn between its walls and glided in to land on the narrow floor. "That," said George, "is what you call threading the needle. Every time I come in here I wonder why I do it."

He led us off toward the river and into a barbed-wire fence. Tex McClatchy, our boatman, was on the other side, accompanied by some interested white-faced cattle. "They've repaired the fence since we were here last!" said Tex in a tone of one basely betrayed. We followed that solid wire barrier into tamarisk thickets, pushing through the whiplike growths that had a sneaky way of striking back in unprotected posterior areas, and finally reached the river, where a homely boat with wooden benches was nosed into the bank.

Once we were in the river Tex cut the engine and we drifted in large, lazy circles downstream. When the sun broke through, the river was indeed green, a shade of olive drab. We stopped to explore ruins not visible from the water, inspected flowering cactus and edged up to rocks covered with dinosaur footprints. "This," said Tex as we idled gently, "is the lazy way to see the Canyon-lands."

Drowsy in the warm sun after a good lunch, I sipped at my water jug. "I'm thirsty, too," said Peg, "but I don't want to use my water up so soon." Even when I assured her that there was more water in the storage area, she persisted in playing Tallulah Bankhead in *Lifeboat*.

We continued drifting until we passed

an unexpected traffic sign on the rock wall—TURN LEFT, 1/2 MILE. Tex explained that we were nearing the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers and that the reason for the sign was that many boating tourists had become confused, turned right and ended up in the rapids—where they were swamped and occasionally drowned. Then we turned, not left as the sign directed, but right toward the rapids. We passed through a little riffle, the boat's bottom bouncing over the rocks, but we were about a mile and a half from where the real rough water, 30 miles of it, began. "The Colorado's higher than it's been in about five years," said Tex, "and those rapids are really ferocious now. We'll camp about a quarter mile above them."

He found a beachlike sandbank across from Spanish Bottom, an old outlaw hideout. Again after dinner we followed our habit of going right to bed. This time even the dishes were left for daylight. While I worked out the intricacies of my new sleeping bag—it zipped up the center from the inside giving a definite mummylike sensation—Peg again announced her pessimism about the possibilities of sleep. Since our tent was pitched on a slope, I found I had a tendency to slide down, probably abetted by the fact that I am somewhat bottom-heavy. But I braced myself and popped off to sleep, awakening once in a huddle at the bottom of the mattress. As I started squirming back upward I heard a freight train coming. It turned out to be Peg not sleeping again.

The morning, when I finally fought my way out to meet it, was lovely. We stood around the fire eating our grilled pork chops and scrambled eggs, congratulating each other on the beautiful weather. I should have known better—early morning in Utah is apparently when old Mother Nature takes time for a good laugh. While we were pecking the boat the sun disappeared, and it started snowing.

Fortunately it was only a flurry. Tex arranged us in strategic spots in the boat and asked us not to wander, because the water-jet motors would be on shortly, thrusting us upstream. Gone was yesterday's lazy drifting and serenity. The

*continued*



Top  
ball  
**17**  
years  
in a  
row...

...and  
increasing  
its lead!

More professionals, more top amateurs play Titleist than any other ball. Result? Titleist has been top ball every year—without fail—since 1946. And this year Titleist is even further out in front. Titleist: #1 ball in tournaments, in sales, in play every day. Titleist. #1 because of its consistent length and performance. (Remember, nobody's paid to play Titleist.)



**Acushnet  
Golf Balls**

*"Lighter than the step of  
a bluetick hound"*

*Tennesseans are mighty  
partial to their hunting dogs.  
Lots of folks claim, there's  
nothing lighter on its feet than  
a bluetick hound.*

*No, naturally, they  
got in the habit  
of describing their  
favorite whisky,  
George Dickel, as*

*"lighter than the step of a  
bluetick hound." Always was.  
Still is.*



WHISKY • 90 PROOF A.S. 1985 GEO. A. DICKEL & CO. • TULLAHOMA, TENN.

motors roared against the current, the wind was cold in my face and caused my eyes to tear, and before long I was searching the locker for a blanket. I had already craftily claimed the only available cushion. As we neared a narrowing of the river called The Slide, Tex said, "It'll thrill you, but it's not really dangerous. No rocks, but just lots of turbulent water. The whole Colorado River has to squeeze through there, and some small boats have to be towed." We idled up into a backwater where The Slide fanned out so Tex could check the trash coming through and plan his route, then returned downriver to get a good run at it. Starting upstream at full speed, we aimed, it seemed to me, directly at the boulder that was one boundary of The Slide. As I was fighting against closing my eyes, the motor sputtered and died. Tex and Neal scrambled for the side and pushed us off the rocks. We went back and started again but only for a few yards. "I've got sticks," Tex announced, and we drifted downstream while he removed the debris.

Once again we aimed and roared directly for that looming boulder. We seemed to graze its side as we labored

*continued*



## The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

And so the truth is broadcast, through the air, where it can't be stopped by walls and guards, up to 18 hours a day to millions of people in the closed countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Will you help the truth get through? Whatever you can give will mean a great deal to a great many people behind the Iron Curtain.

Send your contribution to:

**Radio Free Europe, Box 1965, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.**



*Fast progress is now forming awesome peaks,  
some as high as the Washington Monument.*

# Only one station wagon offers all three:

## 1. V-8 power



New Vigilante® V-8 packs 250 hp. Get all the highway performance you expect. Extra power off the road when the going's rough. Tornado—OHC 6-cylinder engine also available.

## 2. Turbo Hydra-Matic



Famous Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission and V-8 power give you quicker, quieter shifting...smooth acceleration. Dual range transfer case, too. No wagon tops it! Power steering, power brakes available.

EXCLUSIVES OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

## 3. 4-wheel drive

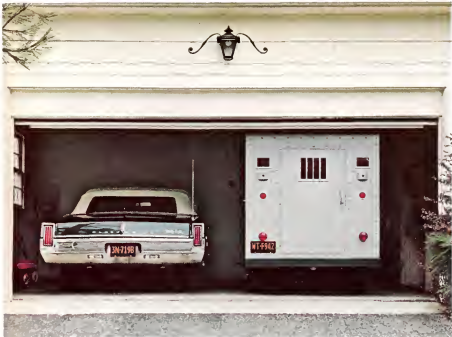
Twice the traction of ordinary wagons. Go confidently through mud, sand, snow—handle road conditions you wouldn't dare tackle in any other wagon. New peace of mind—specially with kids in the back!

**KAISER JEEP CORPORATION**  
TOLEDO 1, OHIO



See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the powerful, smooth, sure-footed

# 'Jeep' Wagoneer



## **INA** insures go-getters

**You a go-getter by any chance?**  
Then you'll want to know why we offer special liability protection for go-getters. (They work harder, do more and earn more. And have more to worry about.)

Sure, you could lug your assets around in an armored car. But does that really protect you?

From a major liability claim, for example? The kind that can wipe you out in one stunning blow?

What you really need is special liability coverage from Insurance Company of North America. A new concept in packaged

personal coverage: the INA-Executive or INA-Professional policy.

It starts where your regular liability protection stops. Protects you against the catastrophic claims—covering you for bodily injury, damaged property, malpractice, false arrest, libel, slander, assault and battery, even mental anguish.

And the cost is so low that it's hardly worth mentioning. But we will. An executive can buy \$1,000,000 of this solid INA protection for as little as \$69 a year.

How solid is this protection? Very. Because when the chips are

down, the chips are there, backed by the solid dollar dependability of your INA policy.

Incidentally, you pay proportionately less for increased limits up to \$5,000,000 of protection. (Just in case you're interested.)

Ask your INA man to install some low-cost INA armor around your bankroll. Just call him. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. He has all of the details on the INA-Executive, and on INA protection for your car, your home and your life.

**INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA**  
World Headquarters: Philadelphia

against the current, but suddenly we gave a few quick bounds and were through. It was short but rough. "If you try to go up the center," said Tex, "it's much more of a fight."

I was so cold that I was quaking. We stopped and built a fire to thaw out, but the thaw didn't last. By the time we stopped again for lunch I had nothing left in my duffel bag but dirty underwear. I was wearing two shirts (one wool), two sweaters, a lined ski parka, a wool poncho and a blanket—and I still shook like an idling Model T. The sun turned coy again and went behind a cloud, and the air was as clammy and chill as that hatcher's freezer in Moab. Intermittently we were peppered with rain and sleet. Peg gave Carl her head scarf, and she pulled an accordion-pleated rain hat down over her face to the tip of her nose and gazed earnestly at the scenery. Her view must have been somewhat obscured by the floral patterns on the plastic.

Tex, I decided, must have come from a long line of postmen, for neither the rain nor the sleet kept him from his appointed sightseeing rounds. We were shown Indian paintings, natural arches, weird rock formations and more dinosaur tracks. Through it all he was greeted by an apathetic silence. Even with the rain, however, the scenery was so compelling that it managed to penetrate my misery. We were still about 10 miles from Moab when the sleet started to come down in earnest. Something dropped over my head, and I discovered that Tex had left the wheel to sling me a waterproof poncho. Finally the potash plant loomed ahead, and I gave a sigh of relief. Salvation was now countable miles away. The only canyons I ever wanted to see again were those of Wall Street.

I settled back to distract myself for the next half hour by slipping covert glances at my companions in misery—soaked, shivering, helplessly woebegone. At last we pulled up to the dock at Moab, and Joe was there with the Wagoneer to collect us. He put out his hand to help me step from the boat, but then dropped it. He was doubled up—

laughing.

END



# Desenex<sup>®</sup> is the Athletes' Athlete's Foot Treatment

**Selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team at Tokyo.**

**Preferred by nearly all NFL and AFL trainers.**

**Most often prescribed and recommended by doctors.**

**Compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard Athlete's Foot treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces.**

Stay ahead of the game and avoid the itching, cracking and inflammation of Athlete's Foot. Just use Desenex regularly. It's as effective for the prevention as it is for the treatment of Athlete's

Foot. Get Desenex Powder or cooling Desenex Aerosol for daytime use — and Desenex Ointment for night. Desenex is guaranteed to work or we'll refund your money. Fair enough?

H-T-PHARMACEUTICALS, New York, N.Y. 10022



At least we'll never have to worry about Athlete's Foot!

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

## ALL STAR GAME

In an All-Star Game marked by five home runs it took a bod-hop infield single by Ron Santo and a face-saving catch by Willie Mays to give the National League a 6-5 victory over the American League as Minnesota and a one-game lead in the 33-year-old series. Mays, Joe Torre and Willie Stargill homered to give the NL a 5-0 lead after two innings, but the Americans pulled even after Dick McAuliffe and Harmon Killebrew each hit two-run homers in the fifth. Santo's hit, a possible double-play ball that hopped over Bobby Richardson at second base, scored Mays with the decisive run in the seventh. But Willie nearly cost the National League the game in the eighth. With runners on second and third and two out, Jimmie Hall hit a line drive to center field. Mays started in and slipped, then darted back at full speed, leaped and caught the ball one-handed over his shoulder. Said Mays later, "Wes Covington taught me that play."

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

CHICAGO (5-1) won three extra-inning games behind Eddie Fahn's knuckleball relief pitching and gained three games on Minnesota. Hits by Jimmie Schaffer and Al Weis beat Cleveland in the 12th inning, a triple by Floyd Robinson whipped Los Angeles in the 11th and a single by Danny Coker did in Kansas City in the 10th. Fisher won two of the games, including one on his 29th birthday. For the year, Eddie also had 18 saves and led the league with 11 victories and a 1.35 ERA. Fahn, who had pitched in 48 of Chicago's 87 games, is the reason Manager Al Lopez often removes his starters at the first sign of a rally. "Fahn has

been so remarkable and I have so much confidence in him that I have been quicker in relieving pitchers than ever before," says Lopez. Fisher was primarily a fast-ball pitcher when he was with San Francisco. Lopez suggested that he concentrate on the knuckler after he joined the White Sox in 1962, and now Eddie uses the pitch 70% to 80% of the time. KANSAS CITY (4-2) enjoyed its first week of the season, beating the Twins three straight. Ken Harrelson and Dick Green each hit four home runs. Tom Reynolds doubled home two runs in the ninth inning to win one game, singled and scored the winning run in the ninth inning of another. Larry Brown and Pedro Gonzalez revived CLEVELAND (3-2) after the Indians had lost six straight. Boog Powell's first home run in more than two months and Luis Aparicio's first stolen base since Memorial Day perked BALTIMORE (2-1). Joe Pepitone of NEW YORK (3-1) and Tony Conigliaro of BOSTON (1-3) were benched briefly for sour deportment. Pepitone missed a private batting session but returned with a single the next day to beat Washington. Conigliaro, a rock 'n' roll singer in the off season, irked Manager Billy Herman by playing Boor-type records on a fight from Boston to Cleveland. "I wonder how he'd like playing them on a bus from Toronto to Toledo!" said Herman, whose team had lost 32 of 43 MINNESOTA (2-4). Manager Sam Mele, usually a calm man, was suspended for five days and fined \$500 after a shouting match with Umpire Bill Valentine as the pennant pressure began to show. Pitcher Dave Boswell went on the disabled list with mononucleosis. Mike McCormack's two-hit shutout over the Yankees saved WASHINGTON (1-3). Frank Howard's home run into Yankee Stadium's third deck in left field was one of the longest in Stadium history. Two straight wild pitches by Larry Sherry gave DETROIT (1-2) a 2-1 loss to Baltimore. LOS ANGELES (1-4) struggled, losing three straight to Chicago before Fred Newman beat the Twins.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

SAN FRANCISCO (2-1) Pitcher Juan Marchal's performance in the All-Star Game, where he faced only nine batters in three innings and won the Most Valuable Player award, was not surprising. In his last five starts, including a five-hit shutout of Houston last week, Marchal pitched five complete games and allowed only 24 hits. For the season, Juan had eight shutouts, a 15-7 record and a 1.47 ERA, the league's lowest. Marvelled teammate Jack Sanford. "Every time I look up Marchal has two outs and two strikes on the batter." Giants' Owner

Horace Stoneham was so enthused with the team's "new togetherness" that he gave Manager Herman Franks a new contract, with a sizable raise, extending through 1966. MIAMI WALKERS (6-4) pitching continued to be inconsistent, but strong hitting powered the Braves to six straight wins. Starter Bob Sadowski pitched 7½ hitless innings, then failed to get another man out. Wade Blasingame threw 175 pitches to win a 12-2 game. And Ken Johnson, handed an early 9-0 lead, still needed relief. Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax pitched successive shutouts, also contributed key hits to boost LOS ANGELES (4-0) back into first place. Koufax now has struck out 200 batters in five straight seasons—a league record. CINCINNATI (3-2) slipped 1½ games behind the Dodgers. Frank Robinson credited Chico Ruiz with helping him and in 0 for 22 slump, saying, "Chico weighed me down with medals before I went to the plate." Relievers Barney Schultz, Hal Woodeshick and Don Dennis rescued ST. LOUIS (4-0), which three times rallied to beat NEW YORK (0-5). The Mets lost their eighth straight, also released Warren Spahn, who was signed by the Giants. HOUSTON (1-2) Second Baseman Joe Morgan hit another home run, giving him eight in 11 games. CHICAGO (1-5) pulled a triple play but still lost to the Braves. Bob Veale of PITTSBURGH (1-4) lasted only two innings as the starter and lost one day, gave up the winning run on a wild pitch in relief the next, as the Pirates lost 14 to PHILADELPHIA (1-3) stayed near the leaders despite mental lapses by Tony Gonzalez and Alex Johnson, both of whom strolled off second base thinking the inning was over and were picked off.

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING\*

NATIONAL LEAGUE		Statistics	
Cl.	Pitcher	CG	per 9 innings
LA	Koufax	176	10.0
Cl.	Ellis	125	10.0
Cl.	Ellis	153	10.0
St.	Marchal	171	10.0
St.	Clayton	140	10.0
Phil.	Bryant	144	10.0
Phil.	Veale	150	10.0
St.	Gibson	124	10.0
Cl.	Johnson	135	10.0
Wash.	Boswell	130	10.0
NY	Fisher	120	10.0

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Min	146	Grand	7	Personal	5.6
Clay McDowell	137	McDowell	7	McDowell	8.1
Clay McNeil	126	McNeil	5	Howard	6.9
Bill Pappas	127	Pappas	7	Pappas	5.8
Det Uhlir	134	Agnew	7	Lohr	8.2
NY Stallons	152	Stallons	8	Deming	7.8
LA Newman	148	4 with	4	Stinson	6.6
Wash Gripe	124	Right	4	Recher	7.1
Bos McCormack	120	McDowell	4	McDowell	7.4
KC Talbot	109	Sepp	5	Sepp	6.6

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

EDDIE FISHER



\*through July 17

THAT'S MY POP.



THAT'S MY SPRITE.



THEY'RE OFF TO THE RACES!



Dear Old Dad.  
Lovable young Sprite.

No matter how they do all the trick (pretty well, probably—Sprite has won more races than any sports car in its class), he'll sleep soundly tonight. Because Sprite has virtues close to the heart of doting parents. Fade-free discs and drums brake it to quick, even stops. Its road manners are impeccable...all business and no

nonsense. And in a tight spot, jet-like acceleration and a top speed of 90 keep Sprite well clear of trouble.

Add amenities like roll-up windows, foam bucket seats, and snug convertible top. Package it beautifully. Price it sensibly. (At \$1,925\* Sprite is the lowest-cost genuine sports car.)

The ideal kiddie car...if you can get the old gentleman out of it.

THESE SPECS ARE APPROXIMATE. ALWAYS DRIVE RESPONSIBLY.

AUSTIN  
HEALEY

**SPRITE**

1981 AUSTIN HEALEY SPRITE. MSRP \$1,925. EXcludes tax, license, and optional equipment. Dealer price may vary. © 1981 Austin Healey Ltd. All rights reserved. Austin Healey Ltd., England. Imported by Austin Healey Ltd., USA, Inc., Dallas, Texas.





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

### EMERGENCY

Sirs:

Perhaps SI missed the point concerning Gene Stallings and the emerging Negro athlete in the SWC (Sports Illustrated, July 5, 1965). One has to be cognizant of the situation at Texas A&M before one should criticize A&M, like many other dynamic (as opposed to static) colleges and universities, has been in the midst of many changes, both academic and athletic, and Gene Stallings has found himself in the middle. Athletics in general have been fairly representative at A&M in the past years, but the so-called major sport of football has seldom been so and has often left something to be desired as far as the scoreboard is concerned.

Gene Stallings was called back to his alma mater much as Paul Bryant was to Alabama—to shore up the often misaligned defenses and nonexistent offenses. Stallings is supposed to put A&M back into the level of competition in which they belong and to do so he first has to prepare his charges mentally and secondly to unify his team's thinking. While I do not agree with what he was supposed to have said, I feel that SI should think twice.

RONALD L. SPERBERG

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am getting a little fed up with articles like your SCORECARD on Texas A&M. If Coach Stallings does not choose to integrate his athletic teams and the directors of the college go along with him, why should it be your concern? Sports should not be turned into a racial issue every time a coach wants to have a winning team, not a divided

team. What if a Negro athlete made the A&M squad but was not in condition to play a full game? Would you have Coach Stallings put this man into the game, not because of his ability, but on his race? No coach in the country will risk a losing season and his job for one man, either white or black.

Coach Stallings has not missed the point. He has merely expressed himself, which is supposed to be every person's right in this country, or at least it was everyone's right the last time I checked.

JIM GREGG

Amarillo, Texas

### HOLDING THE BAG

Sirs:

In your article on the British Open (*A Man from Down Under Lungs It Up*, July 19) you mention that Australian Professional Norman Von Nida caddied in the championship for his protégé Bruce Devlin. Von Nida has been enticed severely for this by Australian golf officials who say his caddying for Devlin lowers the standard and prestige of professional golf. Von Nida retorts, "If I believe in a thing, no matter whose comes it will hurt, I do it."

ERNEST SHIRLEY

Sydney

For photograph of Caddy Von Nida with Golfer Devlin, see below—ED.

### TROUBLED WATERS

Sirs:

While we appreciate your concern for our Columbia River salmon resources (SCORECARD, June 28), we feel you are overly pessimistic.

True, this summer's Chinook run will barely meet the minimum escapement level established by our fishery agencies, but it is only one of several salmon runs up the Columbia each year. The recent trend of spring Chinook runs has been generally upward. Last year's fall Chinook returns were the best in several years and the run of coho (silver) salmon set an all-time record, with twice as many fish counted over Bonneville Dam as in the previous peak year.

This is not to deny that our salmon runs have been generally on the wane during the past 30 years. You are also correct in attributing most of this decline to the more than 300 dams built in the Columbia watershed. But other factors—loss of spawning beds, water pollution, unregulated Indian fisheries and the tremendous growth in sport-fishing—have also taken their toll.

However, don't count us out yet. Biological research, hatchery production and the

continued



© 1968 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO OTHER REPRODUCTIONS PERMITTED.

COLT 45  
COLT 45  
COLT 45  
COLT 45  
COLT 45  
COLT 45



Name dropper.

Some people are always trying to impress others. Their money, knowledge, good taste . . . That's one reason why Colt 45 has become so popular. It's impressive!

A completely unique experience

cooperation of all concerned to save this priceless resource can still turn the tide.

TED RUGAS

Secretary, Columbia River Salmon & Tuna Packers Assn.  
Astoria, Ore.

#### WHAT'S BUZZIN', COUSIN?

Sirs:

Let me reveal my innate nastiness and tell you how much it pleases me to find a small error in the pages of the usually impeccable-as-to-fact **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. I refer to the piece on the Cowes regatta (*The Big Week or Cowes*, July 12). The German Kaiser was *not* the cousin of King Edward VII, but his nephew. The Kaiser's mother, the former empress, was the daughter of Queen Victoria and elder sister of King Edward.

D. M. MAKSYMIAN JR.

New York City

● Correct, alas, but kings have a way of addressing each other as "Cousin," and we merely fell into the habit.—ED.

#### FROM THE TOP

Sirs:

Many thanks for your complimentary article on the Navy crew in the *IRA* (*Championship Mums the Champs*, June 23).

The results were eminently satisfactory, to put it mildly. Much more interesting to me, however, was the extraordinary rapport between 27 outstanding young men with a superb captain, Doyle Borchers, on the one hand, and Coach Paul Quinn and his new assistant, Lou Gellerman, on the other. I have been away from crew too long to be a knowledgeable critic of good coarsmanship or the techniques of coaching crews. However, my profession does require that I have some ability to recognize leadership, and I have seldom seen finer personal leadership in peace or war than that shown by Coaches Quinn and Gellerman. I watched several practices before and after the Wisconsin races and had the opportunity to talk to most of our men separately and in groups. That single characteristic of strong coaching leadership shows through like a searchlight on a dark night. As a matter of fact, it was even more conspicuous before the Wisconsin race gave us our first vanity win of the year.

Thus, I believe, is intercollegiate athletics at its very best, with a group of fine young men being strongly influenced by outstanding older men. I must confess I like to win in any sport but, win or lose, the Naval Academy and the Navy are bound to come out way ahead with coaches like Quinn and Gellerman working with future officers like Doyle Borchers and his squad.

DRAPER L. KAUFFMAN

Rear Admiral,  
Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy  
Annapolis

#### REALLY

Sirs:

How do you pronounce the name of Minnesota Twin Manager Sam Rice?

ELIZABETH PERLE

Embarrass, Minn.

● As in freely.—ED.

#### ACCESS

Sirs:

Your magnificent article on Mr. Rockefeller's exotic hotel at Mauna Kea on the Big Island of Hawaii (*A Shocking Approach to Tranquility*, June 28) has an inaccuracy that I cannot let go uncorrected. You mention that the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel is the first major resort on the "relatively inaccessible island of Hawaii." I would like to point out that Hawaiian Airlines, which has been serving all the islands of the 50th state nearly 36 years, offers two flights a day to Kona, a brief 57-minute hop from Honolulu and only a short 15-minute drive from the airport to the new hotel. The Big Island of Hawaii is also serviced by air flights daily to Kona on the western side of the island—a 52-minute flight from Honolulu and only a one-hour drive to the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, by nine trips daily from Honolulu to Hilo on the eastern side, a one-hour flight and a one-hour-30-minute drive to the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel.

WILLIAM J. BACHMAN  
Assistant Vice-president,  
Hawaiian Airlines

Honolulu

● The envious author of the offending phrase summons at New York's readily accessible Fire Island (three hours by taxi, train, ferry and beach buggy).—ED.

#### THE LONG WALK

Sirs:

I have just learned of the death in action in Vietnam of a fine friend, Lieut. Ron Zinn. I am sure those who were with the U.S. Olympic team in Tokyo, where Ron finished sixth in the 20-kilo walk, must be saddened by this news.

In its way, Ron's performance in this race was as important to American race walking as was Billy Mills's brilliant 10,000-meter victory to distance running.

I roomed with Ron both in Tokyo and on a trip to Moscow in 1961. He was a fine athlete and sportsman, a gentleman and as fierce a competitor as I have ever met.

JACK MORTLAND

Columbus, Ohio

● Mortland was the second American to finish in the 20-kilometer walk at Tokyo. He placed 17th.—ED.

## EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,  
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,  
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes *TIME*, *LIFE*, *FOCUS* and, in cooperation with its subsidiaries, the International editions of *TIME* and *LIFE*.  
Chairman of the Board, Andrew H. Harkness  
Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy F. Lerner  
Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan  
President, James A. Linen  
Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brown  
Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes  
Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson  
Vice President, Controller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey  
Vice President, Charles A. Adams  
Ronald M. Aron, Rhoda Aronoff, Edgar R. Baker, Charles S. Bear, Clay Backhaus, R. M. Buckley, John L. Halkinbeck, Jerome S. Haris, Sidney L. Jares, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Lane III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., James R. Sharkey, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger, Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Dunning, Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Inglick, Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKeeough

## Sports Illustrated

Please include a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** label to receive prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:  
**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**,  
340 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611,  
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE  
send this form with your payment,  
check or  
☐ new subscription ☐ renew my subscription.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
U.S. and Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50  
All other subscriptions 1 yr. \$10.00

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here. Print your new address below. If you have a second address, print "second address." Place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name \_\_\_\_\_  
address \_\_\_\_\_  
city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zipcode \_\_\_\_\_





**Until now, these distinguished tobaccos were never offered to cigarette smokers.**

**Today, a master blend of the world's five great pipe tobaccos is available in a filter cigarette.**

**Masterpiece cigarettes have briar tips. They come in unique briar-grain packages.**

**And their distinctive flavor explains why they cost a bit more.**

